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190

The Carthusian,

A MISCELLANY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY

RICHARD AND JOHN E. TAYLOR, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

FOR S. WALKER, 58, BARBICAN.

1839.





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W.H.H.



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TO
THE REV. A. P. SAUNDERS, M.A. F.R.S.
&c. &c. &c.

THIS MISCELLANY

IS,

WITH FEELINGS OF THE DEEPEST RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

INSCRIBED BY

HIS GRATEFUL PUPILS

THE CARTHUSIANS.

IN thus dedicating their first essay, the Editors and Contributors to the Carthusian feel that some explanation may be required for making the attempt without having previously obtained the sanction of the Head Master of the school to which they belong. They therefore wish it to be understood, that they forbore to do so from a fear of compromising his name and the character of the school in an undertaking the success of which was yet doubtful; being unwilling that the consequences of failure should extend beyond themselves. At the same time they are reluctant to forgo the opportunity of publicly testifying their admiration and esteem for one who, the arbiter of their graver studies, will, they trust, view with indulgence the effusions of their lighter hours.

Charterhouse, Feb. 1st, 1837.



AFTER the manner of the Dramatist, who never writes the prologue to his own play, and of our Older writers, who never printed without a string of commendatory verses from their friends to herald their performances, we submit the following Letters, explanatory of the origin and object of our undertaking, to the consideration of "gentle readers"; in these two respects differing from our authorities just alleged, that we are humble enough to prefer plain prose, and honest enough to admit of censure as well as praise, in our

Introduction.

H. M.
C. F. I.
G. B.

LETTER I.

From R. K. to Charles Iverly, Esq., Charterhouse.

My dear Iverly, — Coll. Cambridge, Oct. 17.

Nothing could have pleased me more than your proposition, that part only excepted where you ask me to join in the editorship. All other assistance that I can give shall be at your service, but you must look out among yourselves to fill up the triumvirate. It had often occurred to me before, why should not we Carthusians make a start as well as the rest of our public-school brethren? And I have no doubt of the good practical answer that you and Moubray will give. Publication is a nervous business for youngers to embark in, and I know not whether our school's reputation or our own purses run the greatest risk; but a

bold heart and a bright eye are the best omens of success, and who shall gainsay us that we lack either? Consider me a copartner in your enterprise. Tell me how I shall forward any papers. Will it be time enough when I come up to London at Christmas? If my communications have somewhat of a demonstrative air, you must lay it to the Newton and La Place, from whose company they will reach you. * * *

Yours very truly,

R. K.

LETTER II.

From A. K. L. to H. Moubray, Esq., Foundation, Charterhouse.

Dear Moubray,

—, Oxford, Oct. 19.

Before I received your letter, we had heard a report at Oxford that some two or three bold spirits were about to launch the good ship to be called "The Carthusian," and to be manned exclusively from "Domus." You know that you have my hearty wishes for the success of the enterprise; and after "Collections" are over, my hand shall also be at your service. Every old Charterhouse man whom I meet promises to take a copy or two as a matter of course, and I do not think that you need fear any want of contributors from this quarter. Many fight shy of the first number, and more who do not yet publicly avow their support, will, I am sure, secretly give it you. You cannot be surprised that there is a little holding back till the Editors have proved themselves "good men and true" by the production of No. I.; but with such a list of contributors as you sent me, you want little further aid. You are aware that we meditated the same scheme some time ago, but never had courage to come to the *scratch*—to

the *press* I should say,—for many a fair sheet lay bescribbled in my study, though it never reached the honours of type.

I want to know many particulars on points where you are silent. Who is your third Editor? Does — know anything of it? When will the first Number appear? How often? Who assists you at Cambridge? Is it confined to Gownboys? What do you admit? What exclude? Will a rejected Latin Prize Poem find favour in your eyes?

Let me know all these things, and a thousand more. In great haste. My hack is waiting for me at Quartermaine's, and I shall have no time to write again between this and Hall.

Yours ever,

A. K. L.

LETTER III.

From Mr. Peter Sowerby to Mr. H. Moubray.

Dear H. M.,

Travellers' Club, Nov. 5.

I think you are a great fool for your pains. You will get neither writers nor readers, and you may take all the copies yourself for anything that I shall help you to the contrary. If your book is to be like your prospectus, I wish you joy of your bargain. The trash about the kite was inexpressibly childish, and the length of the first sentence enough to wind an otter*. You may keep my name "strictly secret," or not, as you please.

Yours in disgust,

PETER SOWERBY.

* Dear Peter,—Was not a longwinded sentence appropriate to the metaphor?—H. M.

LETTER IV.

To the Editors of the Carthusian.

—, London, Nov. 21.

Gentlemen and Brother Schoolfellows, (for we have doubtless laboured under the same “very worthy and approved good masters,”)—I have just seen,—and printed, by the way, on most attractive coloured paper!—an announcement of the projected “Carthusian”; and I think it so admirable a scheme that I lose no time in begging you to enrol my name among the subscribers. Whether the contents of my brain, as well as those of my purse, may be brought into requisition, must depend on the decision of the Council Editorial; as whatever individual opinion I may have formed upon the subject, I bow most deferentially to their superior united judgments; concurring entirely with our old friend Cerberus, that “three heads are better than one.”

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient humble Servant,

* * * * *

Eight years a Carthusian.

LETTER V.

*From the Rev. Andrew Croaker to G. Buchanan, Esq.,
Charterhouse.*

My dear Boy,

— Vicarage, Nov. 30.

You ask me my opinion of your scheme. Take my advice, and don't print. I think you have miscalculated your strength, and undertaken too much. I know how easy it is to get up a Prospectus; but successfully to produce and carry through a miscellany such as you

purpose, is a matter more difficult than you seem to imagine. It requires so much of tact in writing for the taste of the times, that with all my desire to think highly of your united talents, the fear lest you should fail gives me, I confess, great uneasiness. * * * * I hope you are assured of the support of some of your former schoolfellows, and that your first Number may put my forebodings to flight. My love for CH. and all that belong to it will make me take a lively interest in watching the progress of your juvenile efforts.

Believe me to remain

Your sincere well-wisher,

ANDREW CROAKER.

LETTER VI.

To the Editors of the Carthusian.

Cheltenham, Dec. 1.

Well done, Boys! I like your announcement, and hope the appeal you make for assistance may be met in the spirit it deserves. But that I am somewhat too old to join in your sport, I would gladly try my pen in your service; you must therefore be content with my sincerely expressed hope that your literary kite may rise steadily, and long remain up in the estimation of your friends, among whom reckon

AN OLD CARTHUSIAN.

LETTER VII.

From H. F. Larkins to the Editors.

My dear Fellows,

Oxford, Dec. 2.

I heartily wish you success with your new drag, though you *should* have sported a four-in-hand. Your

unicorn editorship is awfully snobbish. One never dreams now of such a turn-out except on a cross-road or up hill, neither of which ways, I trust, you mean to work. Even the busses have given up their "*tertium quid*" long ago; but I know your cattle to be reg'lar varmint, and there's no fear but you'll be able to pay the turnpikes. Can I lend you my whip-hand? Whenever any of your toolers are laid up, put me on as an extra, and trust me your ribbons cannot be in safer keeping. I have some "reminiscences of the road" that are at your service, and perhaps you would like every now and then some extracts from the waybills, in which case I shall be delighted to transmit them. If, however, you don't turn out in good style, bear your leaders up well, speak civil to the ins and outs, keep your time and your temper, and rattle away at a good swinging pace,—in a word, if you prove yourself (what I don't expect from such mettle as yours) a *slow coach*,—'sure as fate I shall start an opposition, and take away every customer you have. I must pull up now, for it's getting dark, and I have no one here to light my lamps.

Sincerely yours,

HERBERT F. LARKINS.

P.S. As I have no special book-keeper of my own here, tell Moore to forward me the numbers as you trot them out.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. Moore, 58, Barbican.

Put down my name for three copies of the Carthusian.

T. SHORT.

The Carthusian.

BROOKE HALL.

Brooke Hall, $\frac{1}{4}$ past 6 P.M.—*A dark wainscoted room; the table pulled in front of a blazing fire; old sash-windows of the date of William III.; the black portrait of Master Brooke frowning down on the revelry below; a sideboard at the further end of the room decorated with the plate of "Domus."*

Present:—The Preacher, Schoolmaster, Usher, Registrar, Auditor, Reader, Assistant-Master, and a Guest.

(The Butler, having set a jug of hot water on the table, which glitters with decanters and glasses, has just left the room, shut the door, and "sported the oak.")

"CHURCH AND KING!" said the Preacher, as he passed on to his neighbour the bottle of port from which he had just bumpered his own glass.

"With all *my* heart!" responded a stout kind-looking man who occupied the next arm-chair; "CHURCH AND KING!" as he took a scrutinizing glance at the fire through the ruddy medium of the liquor in his hand.

The toast went round in whispered orthodoxy till it came to the Guest.

"We always make a point, sir," observed the Preacher, "of giving this genuine old toast the precedence. Our predecessors did the same before us, and we see no reason to be ashamed of keeping up the old custom. We imply neither politics nor party, but lay that upon those who would break in upon old-fashioned gentlemen like ourselves, who are ashamed neither of their loyalty nor their religion."

"You're quite right, sir; all good Christians and honest subjects come within *my* meaning of the words; and let them take offence at it who care not to be considered the one or the other. I remember the toast as long as I have known Charterhouse."

"And that can be no few years?" said the Schoolmaster interrogatively.

"Before you were born, sir. I was one of old Berdmore's first scholars. He used to call me his very first, but he chose to forget a few idle dogs who entered before me, and did not stay long."

"Then you were Raine's cotemporary?" observed the Usher.

"We were at Trinity together, and I stood against him for the Fellowship, but he beat me; and our fates in life have been strangely different."

"You have seen little of England?" suggested the Reader.

"Little of England, and less of Charterhouse. Following a soldier's fortune in the East, to an age which few when they have attained there, have afterwards cared to return to their native land, I knew nothing of my old school, save the occasional meeting of a junior officer, who spoke of masters and customs unknown to me.

Since the year when I spoke the Oration in 17— till the present day I have never entered within these walls ; and had it not been for the kindness of the gentleman opposite”—(here the stranger bowed towards the Usher) —“whom I met as I was strolling over my old haunts this morning, I should have had little opportunity of knowing whether there yet survived in Charterhouse the same kindly feeling among her sons as that we used to be proud of when I left her fostering care.”

“I trust,” replied the Schoolmaster, “that from Crusius downwards, the golden chain”—(here the Assistant smiled at some abstruse Greek allusion, but the Schoolmaster, denying the pun, proceeded)—“I trust, I say, that the golden chain yet remains unbroken which links brother to brother in the honourable bonds of Carthusian fellowship ; and I think I may venture to assert that there is not one who leaves us at the present day who would not willingly add on his link to keep up the succession uninterrupted.”

“Take the experience of a senior like myself,” said the Stranger, warming up with unaccustomed fire, “who am old enough to be father to all of you who are here present, except the Usher and the Registrar”—(he nodded to two grey-headed gentlemen who sat opposite,)—“take the experience of an old man, that there are no recollections to which we recur with so much pleasure as to those of school. They say ’tis folly to talk of our schoolboy days as the happiest of our life, and it may be so, but sure I am that they are the happiest of our reminiscences. Oh ! sirs, it is but an old tale to talk of the freshness of our spirits and the buoyancy of our hopes, when

‘Limbs are strong and courage high,’
with the wide world before us, the straight and open

highway of honour for the noble, and the yet broader expanse of ambition's ocean for the adventurous, with the by-paths and crooked ways for the coward and the cunning. But if it be a tale that will not bear telling, man's blood will flow a different course before every youth's heart will cease to beat in witness to its truth, and every old man's memory to repeat the lesson full oftentimes to himself. No, no; I might have doubted it till I came here to day; till I saw my old haunts, I might have fancied that a goaded and jaded creature like myself would look with indifference or disgust on the spot whence the hell-hounds of worldly craft were first let loose upon him; but the cool pastures and running waters of the morning are not more refreshing to the hunted hart when its chase is nearly ended, than the green scenes of my boyhood have returned to me to day."

"Nor does it require," continued the Preacher, "the agonizing struggles and fevered occupations of ambition to make us relish the quiet and calming remembrances of our early days. Though the undisturbed lot of my life has been cast upon the same ground as that of my childhood, I will yield to no man in the endearing affections which bind me to 'the spot of my youth.' I hold it a sacred as well as a pleasing duty to cultivate those local attachments, which the withering spirit of the present age may condemn as prejudiced, but which will ever bear the impress of the best philosophy of the heart."

"Aye, and it is a useful as well as a pleasant duty," said the Auditor, addressing himself to the Schoolmaster, while the foregoing conversation was still proceeding; "there are few of us, I believe, who will not attribute some portion of their success in life to the

helping hand of a schoolfellow, and the approving smile of their old master, which has come to their aid at the very moment perhaps when they were struggling with difficulties apparently hopeless. I have made it a rule in life to distrust the man who has no kind word for his school, and no hearty shake of the hand for his schoolfellow."

"And thus," interrupted the Reader, "you may remark that there are few great names in English literature who have not gladly testified in after life their affection and gratitude to the place of their education; they have delighted to honour their school, and their school has taken equal delight in honouring them. How intimately associated are the names of Gray and Eton, Dryden and Westminster, Byron and Harrow! And why should Addison and Charterhouse be forgotten? I know not why we have been so backward in putting forth our claim to have those two names linked together in indissoluble fame."

"Who knows," continued the Schoolmaster, "but that Gownboys' Hall was the scene of the first rude drafts of the inimitable Spectators, and that a school theme was the origin of the literary productions, as a school-fellowship certainly was of the literary partnership, of Addison* and Steele? The former must at least owe to Charterhouse the classic elegance of his Latin verse, and his fine taste doubtless received some of its elements from the tone of his master. It

* "At the Charterhouse Addison made acquaintance with two persons, for whom he had ever after an entire friendship, Stephen Clay, Esq., of the Inner Temple, author of the *Epistle in Verse*, from the Elector of Bavaria to the French King after the battle of Ramilies; and Sir Richard Steele, whom he served both with his pen and purse."—Oldmixon, *Hist. of Eng.* xi. 632.

would exhibit a pleasing image to picture the delicate stripling strolling through the Green with the friends of his after life, and shadowing forth a dim outline of his ideal Cato, as the page of Lucan had warmed into a Roman glow that innate love of liberty, which never deserted him to the last. The future statesman and bard without doubt drew his first principles of policy and poetry from the torn and bethumbed copies of Cicero and Thucydides, of Homer and Virgil, which, the lesson over, were scattered to the chance of a school-room riot."

"But the essayist and the critic," suggested the Preacher, "derived all his light from within; it was no false glare from the pompous diction of Longinus, the pedantry of Dionysius, or the twaddle of Aulus Gellius that lit up the electric spark over a new region of literature, perhaps more interesting and inexhaustible than any of the fresh-discovered fairy lands of modern times. His critiques upon Milton and Chevy Chase, and his papers on the Imagination, are not only valuable beyond price in themselves, but will be ever hailed by the literary patriot as the first emancipation from the thralldom of 'the pomp of system and severity of science' in criticism, which it was reserved for the present age to appreciate in its full and perfect liberty."

"And what dark day," exclaimed the Guest, "shall obliterate the memory of Sir Roger de Coverly?"

"To us then especially," concluded the Schoolmaster, "it belongs, giving its own glory to each school, to claim as Carthusians the honour of giving birth to the English Essayists. If with the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, the name of Addison and, though *longo proximo intervallo*, that of Steele are inseparably

joined, some portion of their glory must at least rebound to the honour of that school which ranks them among her worthiest sons."

"Nor have we wanted," said the Registrar, "great men in the severer studies of life, who not only hence derived their education, but gladly returned to testify their gratitude when their names were high enough in the world to give weight and consequence to their predilections. To instance the law only. I well remember when a boy at school, that Oration never passed without the presence of Blackstone: and we all know that Ellenborough not only returned to us as a Governor, but so lovingly did he hold the memory of Thomas Sutton, that even 'in death they were not divided.'"

"And we may hope," said the Preacher, "that the spirits of those good men departed still hover over our domain, to kindle up in her present sons an honourable rivalry of the glories of by-gone days. You know the words of a Carthusian poet,

Haply in Chartreuse's consecrated shades
The muse of Addison still loves to dwell,
And Blackstone's sombre spirit yet pervades,
With hallow'd influence, her cloistered cell."

As the voice of the last speaker dropped at the closing words, his hearers, surprised into sensibility by a quotation so little expected, allowed themselves to be carried away by the train of thought which the lines just uttered suggested.

There was a pause of several minutes. Each seemed to be carrying back his thoughts within himself to the same period of his early years; and the change of expression which passed over the features of each, as the smile which ever and anon played upon the lips waned into a more sorrowful expression, or, brightening up for

an instant into a vivid illumination of the whole countenance, ended in the all-but outpoured tear, seemed to show the chequered nature of the scenes round which their recollections were straying. It was a tacit understanding of the affections which no one seemed inclined to disturb.—They paused.—The silence became painful; till the same sympathy which had hushed their voices at once awoke them all, and the idea, varied in expression but conceived the same, broke forth from all in common, and almost at the same moment.

“How many a curious history would Tales of the Charterhouse embrace!”

“If every one,” suggested the Guest, (developing the thought which had shadowed itself in the mind of each,) “selecting from his store some record of his school-fellows which he best remembered, or the most striking circumstance which has fallen under his notice as an officer of this House, would repeat the plain and unvarnished tale, you might beguile the evening fireside with many a story, which, though perhaps not stirring enough for the world, would carry a domestic interest at least to the bosom of every Carthusian.”

The proposal obtained at once general approval, and each eagerly pressed upon the Stranger the duty of following up his advice by his example.

“Another day, when further acquaintance shall have better established my claim to your attention, I shall be happy if I can show you that the East still furnishes its moving incidents, which, if less wonderful, are yet not wholly unworthy of the Thousand and One, and the ear of the great Caliph Haroun Al Rashid; but in your own house I must look to one of you to begin.”

Many were the compliments, and great the modesty of the assembled party; at length precedence, which is

generally accompanied with its onus as well as honour, devolved the task of commencing on the Preacher.

“As you have taken me by surprise you must not expect much plot in my narration, but such particulars as I can remember of two of the most talented among my schoolfellows, in some measure also connected with my calling, I will gladly impart. Let us fill our glasses to ‘Domus,’ and then shall commence

“The Preacher's Tale.

“Hawkhurst and ‘old’ Townshend used to sit next to one another in Raine's sixth form, and they were known as the Damon and Pythias of the Upper School. The first day that I showed my face in the Green as an under boy, I well remember seeing them together on the Terrace—now, alas! no more—that ran along the east side of the Green, and never shall I forget the impression that their two handsome faces and princely bearing made upon me. (And who more a prince in his own and his fellows' estimation than the sixth-form boy of a public school on the eve of launching into his college life?) Never afterwards in the school were there any boys half as good-looking, as tall, as strong, as well dressed, as commanding as they; and years after the thread of my story begins was Hawkhurst's name handed down, magnified doubtlessly by the lenses of tradition, as something infinitely beyond the imitation of the degenerate races that followed. If some adventurous youth had ‘tibbed out,’ and come back with his head and tongue full of Miss Melon's attractions, Hawkhurst had been three nights running behind the scenes, and gone upon the stage at the banquet of Macbeth on

Mrs. Siddons's benefit. If Ashley had 'chevied' a cat over the wall, and cut it over on the other side, yet Hawkhurst had kept a kennel of foxes, and a cry of hounds to hunt in the Wilderness. If Hawkins had had a blow up with a jarvey, Hawkhurst had thrashed three, and a waterman to boot, the same evening. Whatever indeed the most daring of after times could achieve or relate, there was sure to be some story of Hawkhurst which utterly extinguished all the aspiring hopes of the modern hero. In truth he was a fellow bold and intelligent beyond his years; and though he could not have been eighteen when I first knew him, he might have passed from his looks and manner for full two years older. 'Old' Townshend, — Frank Townshend I must call him here, — was next above Hawkhurst in the school; he had more 'spirit,' Hawkhurst more 'pluck.' Townshend would defend a weak upper boy, Hawkhurst would thrash a fellow twice his size in the form above him; the one was more loved, the other more popular. Townshend was the best cricketer of his day, bowler, bat, and field. Hawkhurst played seldom, and then he only 'swiped;' and either was out because he knocked down his wickets, or knocked down his wickets because he was out. Townshend had more talent, Hawkhurst more genius; Townshend did the best verses, Hawkhurst the quickest; the one helped his fag in his verses, the other did them for him.

"But Hawkhurst had suffered disadvantages in education which his schoolfellow had not. He was the second son of an old Kentish baronet, whose extravagance and other less creditable excesses had driven him, when his boy was hardly ten years old, to an unsettled life on the Continent; he lost his wife at Venice

within a year of his departure from England, and originally a man of little principle and firmness of character, when he lost this the last hold on his good feelings, he gave himself up to the luxurious debauchery to which his own nature and his newly-adopted country both invited him. The presence of the youth being in some measure an obstacle to the father's courses, he deemed it more prudent to remove him, and George was accordingly placed under the tuition of a Roman Catholic priest, Sir John remarking that whatever were his own follies, he always wished his boys to be religiously brought up. He was, however, no nice discriminator between creeds, and perhaps not the best judge of the individual who should thus realize a father's wishes. It must be allowed, however, that the tutor did his pupil justice. Though naturally quick, his early education had been so much neglected, that nothing but the most earnest attention on the part of his instructor could have made him the scholar that he was when he entered Charterhouse at the age of fourteen. It might naturally be supposed too, that the good Father Francis endeavoured to impress on his pupil the leading doctrines of the church he himself professed. As the son of one apparently so indifferent on this essential point, he might be viewed by any religious teacher who could have instilled any received principles of faith into him, as a brand rescued from the fire. But though the boy listened without impatience to the earnest representations of his instructor, his answer invariably was that his father wished him to be a Protestant, and as he was going to England he himself thought that it had better be so.

“It was in vain that the point was pressed on him as one of a more personal and important nature; the

Pigghius and Hofmasterus which were put into his hands or left upon his table, were generally replaced by Marmontel or Prior.

“While his father was doubting what further plan to pursue with respect to his future education, he was recalled to England by a general election, when the services he rendered Góvernment were so great in a contested election for the city of Canterbury, that, at the instigation of Townshend's father, who had known him in earlier days, and had more than once befriended him in his difficulties, he had boldness to ask, and at once obtained, from the Prime Minister a nomination for his son on the Foundation at Charterhouse.

And here commenced that friendship with Frank Townshend which formed so important a crisis in their after life. Townshend, being already of some standing in the school, was able to offer protection to the son of his father's early friend, which indeed his strangeness, his foreign pronunciation, and his frank manners would probably have procured him from Townshend, even if he had not had his father's recommendation of him to his care.

“Those only who know by experience can tell the indignities which a boy, even of a spirit like Hawkhurst's, must put up with under similar circumstances to his. How he was made to repeat ‘Tityre, tu patulæ’ in Italian pronunciation, and ‘licked’ as he approached nearer to the English: how he was made to give the Italian for such words as his tormentors dictated, and then never believed to be right: how Macaroni, and Punchinello, and every word ending in *ello* or *oni* was applied to him, and he forced to laugh at the wit: come not within the compass of my narrative. He passed the ordeal with less good humour than it was

his interest to have shown, and secretly determined to have his turn, when he was of standing enough to display his own power in the capacity of an 'Upper.'

"Frank Townshend was an orphan of one of the younger branches of the Townshends of Staunton Priors in Essex; and Squire Townshend, his uncle, sent his only boy, about my own age, to school on the same day that I was myself entered. We were placed in the same form, the Shell I think; and through his good services I came under the notice of his elder cousin in Gown-boys. I can at this moment well remember the Saturday, after the Bartlemytide holidays, that a note came, after Raine had left the Upper School, to ask 'young' and 'old' Townshend, and Hawkhurst and myself as their friends, to pay a visit to the squire at the Priors. 'Granted' was the one word that made four boys as happy as anticipation could make them. Away we were off, each to his own toilette, though young Townshend (Nisus we used to call him—nobody knew why—and I shall here give him his more Christian appellation of George),—Georgie and myself were ready full half an hour before the Dons made their appearance. We had not, to be sure, quite so difficult a matter of choice as our elders. There was a clean shirt and our best suit to be put on, and a change of linen, with a tooth-brush and a hair-brush affectionately wrapped up in the same piece of old newspaper, and then we were complete*. Not so with 'the Uppers.' There was this waistcoat to be tried on, and that pair of new boots to be sent for; and then the one had lost its strings, and the other were too tight to wear. It was a question whether there would be dancing in the even-

* Blue Exercise Books seem to have been unknown in those days of yore.—ED.

ing, and whether pumps and white kids were to be taken. Then the distressing dilemma of the coat; if the green cutaway—the new green cutaway—was worn, another must be taken for the evening; and then the sky threatened to take the shine out of all dandies and coats, be they what grade they might; then whether it would not be prudent to save the gloss for the Sunday's sunshine. But two extras could not be taken. The brown-paper parcel was already, spite of the tuckings-in and squeezing of the fags, beginning to show the contents of its inside in more places than one; and then, could one borrow Brownlow's—*that beast* Brownlow's cloak? Pride forbade, but prudence pleaded; but when the message was sent, it had been left at home last Saturday; so there was all the mortification of humbled pride without any of the consolation of successful prudence. Never did fags scour the galleries in such haste, and never did masters fume and storm in more important dignity. The rejected neckcloths bestrewed the floor, and many a special favourite of a waistcoat or silk stocking were left with the same feelings of regret with which the shipwrecked mariner eyes the remnant of the prizes which, from the narrowness of his raft, he must needs abandon.

“At length we found ourselves seated on the coach. Hawkhurst, whose buckskins, of the most delicate tinge of the lemon, seemed to give him the priority of claim to the seat of honour, mounted the box, while the two Townshends having secured the places immediately behind him, and next to a fat woman, whose hands were fully occupied with a handbox and a baby, (as three in front was the complement of coaches in those days) it fell to my lot to ride solus in the basket behind.

"Now I was a bit of an antiquary from my earliest days; some cracked skulls, and some time-worn coins which I had purchased from the workmen employed in digging the foundation for the new school, were ranged in due order on the shelf of my cupboard that I had not books enough to fill; and many a time had I explored old 'Domus' to discover the arch where tradition affirmed the last of the Monks to have hung himself, or to have been hung.

"Whatever therefore were the thoughts of my companions, my solitary musings were earnestly intent in conjuring up the style of building which the name of our host's residence suggested. Pinnacles and crockets, and a variety of Gothic ornaments, of whose forms I knew more than their names, rose before me, and I had determined that my sagacity was to discover some hidden arch or secret vault, that the ignorance and indifference of its former owners had left undiscovered.

"In the mean time the clouds had fulfilled their threatening; Brownlow's cloak would have been more serviceable than ever was Syloson's; and when the coach discharged us at the Three Pigeons on Bromsgrove Heath, we were heartily glad of the blaze of the kitchen fire while we 'waited for the rain,' and the arrival of John with the ponies.

"When we at length approached the house, my antiquarian anticipations were doomed to meet with a heavy disappointment. The name, indeed, was all that remained of the once noble building where the Prior of Staunton, in days of yore, kept the best-ordered stud in the county, and regaled his retainers after the day's sport with the merriest cheer. The large square house, whose moss-dyed bricks implied that no restoring hand had ever refreshed them since they were first imbedded

in the wall, with its heavy sash-windows, probably the first of their kind in England, was but little set off with the only attempt at ornament in the jagged border of stone, which, large and small alternating, supported the sides of the windows, and arched with a keystone over the top.

“Woe to that taste which prescribes the old-fashioned red-brick house, even though it may have nothing Elizabethan about it, which stands on a smooth English lawn of variegated flower-beds, with the word ‘Comfort’ written over its portal!

“But the instance before me was certainly an exception. Staunton Priors could boast of no such adjuncts; nor did it exhibit any such ‘SALVE’ on the architrave. The overgrown shrubs which had stretched themselves so as to usurp the space formerly allotted to the flowers, the ill-mown turf, and the straggling creepers, the weight of whose unpruned luxuriance had reft them the wall, gave an air of discomfort and melancholy to the whole abode, which a happier culture would in great measure have dispelled. Yet the house seemed in keeping with the master.

“‘Let me introduce you to my uncle,’ said the elder Townshend; and let me introduce him——”

At this moment the chapel bell began to toll, some steps were heard shuffling along the cloister outside, and there seemed a mutual understanding that the party was to break up. The Reader rose from his chair. “You may as well allow me to finish my sentence,” interrupted the speaker, in a tone which seemed to imply a doubt whether his audience had much cared to listen.

“Assuredly,” answered the Reader; “I was only fearful lest you should hurry up your story to an end,

or go on with a part of it while I was away." "You had better," suggested the Usher, "keep the conclusion of it till our next meeting." "By all means," responded the rest. The Preacher assented. There was a screaming of chairs in a retrograde movement; the Schoolmaster and Usher unhooked their caps and gowns, and the rest, assisting to their proper owners their hats and sticks, filed out into the cloister, *sat bene* pleased with their evening's recollections *.

[To be continued.]

THE MERCHANT'S BARK.

LAUNCH'D in pride from her sea-girt home
 A gallant vessel ploughs the foam,
 With fanning breeze and cloudless skies,
 To the new shores of Enterprise †,
 Where wealth in wild profusion smiles
 Upon the far Atlantic isles.

And never on the waves before
 Had merchant launch'd so rich a store;
 The one last venture, doubly dear,
 That crowns and closes his career.

* [Truth to tell, the Preacher had proceeded much further in his story, and the reporter had sent us several pages more of *copy*; but certain other articles having fallen in rather late, his tail was docked of its fair proportions by the Procrustean experiment of cutting off the extremity to square in with the prescribed limits of No. I. Therefore the steps heard outside, as the text expresses it, were mere *shuffling*, unless indeed it was "my uncle" cooling his heels at the door while he waited for an introduction.—N.B. I insert this in spite of the Editors, and when it will be too late for them to erase it.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.]

† In Sutton's time America, recently discovered, was become the scene of commercial enterprise.

And staunch and true the gallant crew
As ever bade their land adieu ;
And tight each plank, and stout each sail,
As ever dared the western gale.

But none can tell what horrors brood
Upon old Ocean's solitude ;
When skill and courage cannot save
From the unconquerable wave,
At once the prison and the grave !

Time wears ; and had that good ship sped,
Not half those moons had idly fled,
Ere she had won in safety back
O'er the wide wave her welcome track.

Then first his friends would seem to share
The anxious merchant's load of care,
And augur'd that each wind would bring
His venture home on eagle wing.

But when all hope had ceased to be,
Then ceased, I ween, their sympathy :
They told him what they ever knew,
And from his fate a warning drew,
That fortune oft hath left undone,
When urged too far, her fav'rite son ;
And maxims that friends ne'er refuse
When time has robb'd them of their use.

That merchant's soul, whate'er befell,
Nor doubt nor fear could ever quell,
But with that blow he could not cope,
For it hath crush'd his earthly hope :
Thoughts of renown and honour high
Are founder'd with his argosy.

Then rife the ready slander grew
Of former deeds as strange as true,
And darker grew the cloud of shame
Round blighted hope and ruin'd name.

And what has wealth to do with woe ;
And why should grandeur stoop so low
As bid the tear of pity flow ?

Contemptuous now the voice was grown
That ne'er till then had changed its tone ;
And kinsmen heeded not the call
That bade them stay a kinsman's fall :
And he whose wealth had known no bound,
But lent a grace on all around,
Whose barks had roved from pole to pole,
Far as old Ocean's waters roll,
Whose riches from each rifled scene
Had deck'd in pride the Island Queen,
And over earth's wide regions bore
The fame of Albion's distant shore,
Was now forsaken and forlorn,
For friends to blame, and foes to scorn.

Yet not all baneful was the blow
That laid his budding honours low ;
It forced the grasping thoughts to rest
That oft invade the purest breast,
And seem'd as though in kindness sent
To lull his spirit to content.

Joy ! joy ! the long lost bark is nigh,
E'en now she meets the merchant's eye ;
With wealth beyond hope's wildest dream,
With gems that mock the ruby's beam,
With stones on Cuba's breast that glow,
And the rich ores of Mexico ;
Treasure, that commerce ne'er till then
Had open'd to the sight of men.
Yet old experience had taught
That greatness is with danger fraught ;
Though fortune now was fair to view,
Her gifts were transitory too ;
And age he knew was scant of aid
Whene'er by adverse fate betray'd ;
And youth uncultured cannot 'scape
Deceit and folly's varied shape.

Then by the consecrated cell*,
 Where cloister'd study loved to dwell,
 He rear'd the mansion of repose,
 Where busy life's last scene should close;
 Where purer faith than theirs of yore
 Should shed on youth its healthful lore,
 And knowledge pour its golden rays
 To cheer and glad the world's dark ways;
 Content to win his glorious aim,
 And heedless of the voice of fame,
 To virtue consecrate his name.

' CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

"There's not a flower but bears its moral sculpt
 By Nature's graver." *Love's Lily.*

WHAT quaint flowers are Chrysanthemums! (A pedant would call them Chrysanthema.) They are the old maids of the garden, still wearing their summer clothes, when all their neighbours are in drabs and browns. They have fallen from the last generation into a new one, but must needs dress in the embroidery and tambour-work of the past age. How their prim, staid, body-colours contrast with that poor, pale, frost-bitten rosebud, that has in vain endeavoured to break out in rivalry, but is cankered at the core; the leaves of its calyx are curled back and yellowy, and it has burst itself in its effort! How contemptuously they wave their heads when the biting wind sweeps along the border! Pink, and buff, and yellow, how gaily they toss them-

* *Charterhouse*, corrupted from *Chartreux*, was formerly a monastery.

selves about in front of that brick-red brick wall! Look at the brown and withered ghosts of departed flowers around, and see if you can gather one other flower of rainbow tint from the whole parterre. The snow has covered them for the last week, but since the frost is gone how bright are they! Yet bloom as they may, who gathers them? What fair foot will clog its shoe with gravel to obtain them, when they are to be seen nid-nid-nodding from the warm circle round the library fire?

Who brought you here and named you? If 't were not for your Greek title I would call you English flowers. Yet you seem out of your element; ante- or post-dated; a something still later than "the last rose of summer." You are a day after the fair. Behind pudding-time. The clerks and parsons of the burnt leaves of Mawe and Abercrombie. Hypercatalectics of botanical prosody. The paulo-post-futurum of Flora's syntax. You are emblems of old men's hopes,—of old maidens' last "great effort"—of the glory of ex-kings—of the farewell benefit of a second-rate "star."

How much of human life you reflect! How you are ever "shining on, shining on," to start fresh in the Spring Meeting! How you always break down ere you come to the starting-post, and how all the youngsters of the new year gallop by you! In vain you try to be a gobetween betwixt Autumn and Spring. Old Winter is too gruff for you. You will never marry, yourselves, nor help any one else to his mate. Ignorant, miscalculating creatures! while you pride yourselves on being the only gay flower in Winter's wreath, you never dream that from out those faded plants around you will spring up colours brighter—aye, ten thousand times more brilliant,—than the best you ever wore; yet happy in

your ignorance, if you are never made conscious of your own inferiority, nor live to know the blighting jealousy of contrast!

You are associated in my mind with hoops, and long waists, and chintz gowns, where you not unfrequently figured in the good days when half-a-dozen bunches of bold flowers were enough to figure a whole dress, and your modern Liliputian patterns were unknown in the regions of dimity. I see you now straggling in golden tracery over the black japanned cabinet, where my grandmother used to stow away her knitting when she was called out to superintend the tying-up of the new preserves. I never look upon you without thinking of my old maiden aunts and bachelor uncle,—of the tall outer gate wrought with iron foliage between the two red-brick pillars, crowned with round stone balls, which used to stand ten yards from my uncle's front door before my cousin made the new "drive" up to the house. How you bloomed, rudely tied as you were with bits of bass, under the parlour window,—a good high old-fashioned parlour window,—none of your modern French glass doors, which let in thieves and cold, and keep out warmth and comfort!

Fare ye well! May you stand your ground against the multitudinous importations of modern nurserymen, nor be seduced into the sickly atmosphere of your exotic brethren! I doubt not your politics: ye are none of the Whig sprouts, but old country gentlemen of right Tory mould. Conservatives though ye be, shun the conservatory, and avoid new lights. The splaw-flowered creatures of your kind that have been nurtured in glass-houses are forced artificial things, unworthy of your name and character. There is nothing

of the bluff yeoman about them, nothing that tells of old English fare and feeling. Fare ye well!

HYMN OF THE PROTESTANT MARTYRS.

WE are doom'd! but the flame which we kindle to-day
 Shall burn with a lustre that mocks at decay!
 We are doom'd!—but that bright thought shall cheer our last
 breath,

And lead us rejoicing, triumphant to death!

We may weep, but no weakness gives birth to the tear;—
 We may sigh, we may shudder,—but 'tis not from fear:—
 We sigh for our country 'neath tyrants' controul,
 We weep for her blindness, her bondage of soul!

Yet, England! though now in the darkness of sin,
 Strong Truth is yet slumb'ring thy bosom within:
 She shall burst Superstition's and Bigotry's chain,
 And lead to the paths of pure worship again!

Yes! triumph, stern daughter of merciless Rome; .
 Thine now is the vict'ry, but ours is to come!
 When the creed thou hast spurn'd, from each glad lip shall
 sound

Where the sea hath an isle, or the earth hath a bound!

We have labour'd through slander, through peril, and pain,
 The faith of the Fathers unchanged to maintain;—
 To that faith, which was left us on Calvary's brow
 We have held fast as yet,—shall we swerve from it now?—

On, on to our glory! why linger ye still?
 We shrink not, we faint not, if such be His will:—
 Now the torturer flames on their victims may fly,
 They can touch but our bodies, our souls are on high!

K.

HINTS FOR NONSENSE VERSES.

"Et quod tentabam scribere, versus erat."

"'Twas verse I tried to write*."

A LETTER from some of our friends among the Petties, who promise to be "Constant Readers," has induced us to bestow the following "Hints" for their guidance in the first step to Parnassus. We have certainly no intention of encroaching upon the province of those who are legally constituted our pastors in the Arcadian folds, but a request coming from *such* a quarter could not, as poets say who publish for the immediate circle of their acquaintance, be with courtesy refused.

And firstly, let no one be frightened at the Name: many are the verses with other names that don't sound as sweet. It shows great sincerity of purpose in those who adopt it. Here is no sham; no palming off one thing for another. They are what they profess to be, and they profess to be what they are. "If every dog had its ain," we should oftener see books advertized under this title than we do at present; for it is certainly fully as applicable to nine-tenths of what comes into the world under the title of Poetry, as to the incipient aspirations of the Latin muse.

Rule I. Get a Gradus. Beg, borrow, or steal. Let it not be your own, or you may be thought no better than the parson, who could only read out of one book. Carefully select Dactyls and Spondees to the number of six.

II. Begin at the end. If you can find a spondee commencing with three consonants, so much the better;

* Our logical friends must excuse the transposition of the subject for the predicate.

it gives stability and firmness to the end of the verse—"scriptum."

III. Next find a Dactyl. If you have got a common-place one ready at hand, as "littore," "scribere," "ducere," "dicere," add it on—"littore scriptum."

IV. (And this is a most important rule). Take care that each word constitutes a foot by itself; it looks independent, and avoids confusion and "running in." As for *Cæsura*, cut it.

V. If one word ends with a vowel, let the next begin with another, on the principle of affinity or attraction. N.B. The same holds good of consonants. (There is a rule about Hiatus, but you can't be supposed to understand such hard words; and besides, your consonants make up in the long run.)

VI. It doesn't matter whether the first four feet are Dactyls or Spondees; but Spondees are preferable, because they are quicker written. For the same and other reasons begin with a Spondee nine times out of ten.

VII. Always keep a stock of words ready at hand whose quantities you know, or fancy you do (which is all the same thing). Let them not be far-fetched or abstruse, it argues affectation,— "magnum," "longum," "nunquam," "felix," "quondam," &c. The first two, however, are much the best, as they admit of variety in the termination, and so may be useful four or five times in the same copy.—*Q.E.D.*

"Magnum artibus longo armis littore scriptum."

As for the pentameter, some think it harder, but it can be shown you that it is not. Isn't its very name in its favour, a *short* verse?

The grand secret is,

I. Always make your long syllable a monosyllable;

and you may ring the changes on “nunc” and “jam” till the master will have no more of them, and then ask him for a new word.

II. “If you are forced at last to use a dissyllable at the end of the verse, you can never be at a loss while you have “meum” and “tuum;” and let them take turn about to show that you know the difference between them, which is the first step in honesty.

III. If compelled to abandon your monosyllable at the end of the short verse, yet hold out for its being admitted at the end of the first half.

IV. Participles, adjectives, and adverbs should, if possible, conclude the Pentameter, as their occurrence in that place helps to distinguish your lines from those of Ovid.—*Q.E.D.*

“Nunquam omnibus jam dicere scribere nunc.”

N.B. There is a rule about always having two dactyls in the second half of the verse, but it is doubted if the rule is to be found in the grammar that Ovid learnt; and if not, 'tis a mere tradition, and as such should be rejected as unorthodox.

V. When your number is completed, as per order, next think of marking them ∪ and —. As by this time you have lost the places in your Gradus, and you would lose your game of “Ships” if you were to look them out again, (besides, though you found “magnus,” you might not find “magnum,”) make some bold strokes *par hazard*, and you can hardly fail to be right in some instances.

∪ — ∪ ∪ — ∪ ∪ — ∪ — — ∪ — ∪

“Magnum artibus longo armis littore scriptum.”

VI. Display the same intrepidity in distinguishing the feet. Though, according to Hint IV. of the hexameters, you might place your mark of division after

each word, yet, as a fastidious master will sometimes complain of the feet and words being always coequal, puzzle him by the occasional intersection of a word. N.B. If you intersect the syllable, so much the better; as you may then make it applicable, if questioned, to either end of it, as occasion serves.

“Magnum | artibu[s] longo ar|mis | littore scri|ptum||.”

VII. Put *two* strokes at the end of each verse, as it gives it a finish to the eye, and shows that you know when you ought to stop.

There is another method much to be recommended to those further advanced; but as it requires some experience, and, unless delicately executed, is apt to be found out, it is not desirable that my *most* juvenile friends should attempt it till they have first made themselves thorough masters of the former rules. It is as follows:

Open your Ovid; fix on some lines that you feel sure your master never heard of, and then take out a Dactyl or Spondee here and there, and put in one of your stock-words in its place. It has a wonderful effect, e. g.

“Bellice depositis clypeo paulisper et hasta,
Mars ades; et nitidas casside solve comas,”—

becomes immediately transmographed past all recognition in

“Lumine depositis clypeo paulisper et omnis
Nunc amor et nitidas littore solve tuum.”

Leave out the stops, and you are not so sharp a fellow as I took you for if you are discovered.

I had not intended to have included English versification within the compass of my remarks; but the poetical contributions of my schoolfellows which have poured in since the announcement of this publication,

lead me to suspect, that notwithstanding the ambitious pirouettes and capers they would exhibit to the public that they have never been properly drilled in the first steps of the art, or ever subjected themselves to the very necessary initiation of "the positions."

To cure the limping feet and halting run of their verse, I therefore strongly recommend their practising an exercise like the following, which, though not particular as to sense, is at least correct in sound :

NONSENSE VERSES IN ENGLISH.

Afraid ? upbraid ? amiss ?—in verdant sky
 No dark'ning emblems mark the distant eye ;
 No widow's tear, no energetic thrall—
 Clear conscience carols o'er the mystic hall,
 And the dire vengeance of the earth-born spark
 Melts into madness—deadlier than the dark !
 Oh for a bullrush ! If the icy pole
 Enwrapt the cobweb fluttering to the soul,
 If the fond heart, the goaded tongue to rest,
 The milk that curdles, or the babes that blest—
 Tyrant, avaunt ! in holier ground for thee
 Is spread the dew of pampered charity,
 And heaven's best refuge when the muse is o'er
 To lighten love on Albion's sea-girt shore.

N.B. When finished, read this with emphasis, to any given circle of poetical young ladies, as the finest passage of the last Prize Poem of a particular friend, unsuccessful only because it was sent in too late, and you will be voted far nearer to Byron than your nonsense Latin verses will ever bring you to Virgil.

A BIT OF ADVICE ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT
TO MR. NICODEMUS VERDANT, A GENTLEMAN
LATELY RETURNED FROM FOREIGN PARTS.

You have left the Quadroons* and Mulattoes,
You are living a civilized life,
And, amongst other troublesome matters,
You are thinking of taking a wife;
So, while we're on this of all topics,
Since women *will* try to ensnare,
And since you are fresh from the Tropics,
I'll tell you of whom to beware.

If, blest with a "managing" mother,
Her attractions she's taught to display,
With a "charming young man" for her brother,
Living, no one knows how, on his pay,—
If, just freed from nursery rule,
The blush and the giggle† are there,—
If she's fresh from a "finishing school,"—
My dear Nicodemus, beware!

If she's ever read Malthus or Smith,
And is deep on the wealth of the nation,
On rent, and the poor-laws, and tithe,
And the woes of increased population,—
If of learning she prates and *vertù*
With all a philosopher's air,—
Of such maids with the stockings of blue,
My dear Nicodemus, beware!

If she pretty confusion betrays,
While her charms she conceals with her fan,—
If she timidly shrinks from the gaze
Of that "boldest of animals," man,—

* For a curious and learned discussion on this and similar points of natural history herewith connected, see the Scene of the Dignity Ball in Peter Simple.

† "All giggle, blush, half pertness and half pout."—*Beppo*.

If she hears her friend taken to pieces,
With a "Come, that's too bad, I declare,"
Though her mirth ev'ry moment increases,—
My dear Nicodemus, beware!

If you find that her talk's sentimental,
Or with sense, dull and solid, abounds,—
If she flirts with a coat regimental,
If she ever rides after the hounds,—
If she's one of the terribly good,
Be sure there's a fire-ship there,—
Of that worst of all women, a prude,
My dear Nicodemus, beware!

If she asks you to write "something pretty"
In that thing which an Album they name,—
If she ever says anything witty,
For rudeness and wit are the same,—
If she keeps a pet-dog or a parrot,
If she lingers to talk or to stare,
If her hair has the least tinge of carrot,—
My dear Nicodemus, beware!

Of the widow who knows how to rule,
By years of experience taught,
Of the sweet-temper'd spiritless fool
With soft insipidity fraught,—
Of the Miss who "cares nothing for gold,"
(Since love cannot live upon air)
Of the girl who is purchased and sold,
My dear Nicodemus, beware!

In short, of the Beauty who's poor,
Of the Fright who's as rich as a queen,
Of the maiden of wither'd threescore,
Of the maiden of bashful sixteen,—
Thou rash inexperienced man,
Of each and of all have a care,—
They'll all take you in if they can,—
My dear Nicodemus, beware!

MYTHOLOGICS*.—No. 1.

THE PIC-NIC AT TEMPE.

It was the most sultry of the dog-days; Jupiter sat lolling in his arm-chair, vainly endeavouring to get a quiet nap, and a little way off was Minerva, lulling him to sleep as *she* thought, and keeping him awake as *he* thought, by the whirring noise of her spinning-wheel. At length Venus entered the saloon in which they were sitting, and the noise that she made effectually roused the Thunderer.

"Venus, my darling, where's your mother-in-law?" said Jupiter, raising himself on his elbow.

"In her dressing-room," replied Venus, "trying some of my new cosmetics."

"Ah!" smiled Jupiter, "you women are never easy but when you're beautifying yourselves. Well, go and tell her I think we may as well take a trip down to Tempe by way of employment this hot day, and send Iris to tell all the other Gods to meet us there."

Away tripped Venus to execute her commission, and the Thunderer turned again to renew his interrupted attempts at sleep; but suddenly a thought struck him.

"Here, Pallas, go and borrow Mars's curricule for Juno and myself to ride in, for it's much too hot to think of walking such a day as this; and tell him to put some bottles of nectar in the driving-box: d'ye hear?"

In a short time the curricule made its appearance, and Jove and Juno mounted; but the former, not being accustomed to handle the ribbons, felt rather out of his

* We must premise that the rough draft of one of these papers has already appeared in print.—ED.

element; and, moreover, Mars's vehicle was constructed for a single gentleman, and not for man and wife, who, proving rather too heavy for it, broke it down just as they began to descend Olympus, and rolled to the foot of the mountain, amidst the scarcely repressed laughter of the other gods, who were winging their way down. Iris was dispatched for a fresh supply of nectar, which Bacchus declared would nearly exhaust his stock. At last the table was spread in the most delightful part of Tempe, and the top of Ossa was occupied by Hercules with his club, to see that no mortal intruded upon the revels of the Gods, when Jupiter discovered something at a distance running at full speed towards them. "Hey-day! what have we here?" he exclaimed; "as I live, my old friend Cerberus, with a note in his jaws: why what the deuce *can* Pluto have got to say? Here, Cer! Cer! Cer! good dog!"

The breathless animal dropped the letter at Jupiter's feet, and then took his seat on the ground, panting, as well he might, after so long a journey.

"Here's a pretty note," said Jupiter; and he proceeded to read it aloud for the amusement of the company.

"Dear Jove,

"Knowing you are going to grub at Tempe to-day, I have sent my favourite Cerberus to pick up the crumbs, as he gets but short commons in the shades here at Tartarus. Proserpine sends her love to Ceres.

"Yours ever,

"PLUTO."

"P.S. Send Cerberus back at night."

"Faugh!" how it stinks of brimstone!" said Jupiter: "we'll give poor Cerberus a meal though, for he

looks woefully thin ; I should think Pluto is about right from the appearance of his ribs."

So down they sat, Cerberus and Jove's eagle being installed under the table; Juno pleaded hard for the same privilege for her peacock, but he was condemned, along with Minerva's owl and the protégés of the rest of the immortals, to be content with what he could manage to pick up outside. They had not sat long, however, before there arose from the former quarter a startling concert of howls and screams. "Gracious me!" cried Venus, who was as nervous as beauties generally are, (or pretend to be,) "what is that horrible noise?" and she exhibited strong symptoms of falling into what mortals call 'historical' fits. "Don't be frightened," said Mars, as he pulled out from underneath the cause of the dire contention, a half-picked bone, "it is only that brute Cerberus, who is rather surly. Has anybody got any court-plaster?" and he exhibited a considerable laceration on his hand, where, as Mercury remarked, the handwriting of the aforesaid animal was particularly legible. Peace was restored by the expulsion of the offending eagle, who, as Jove said, ought to have known better from his Olympian education; but for Cerberus there *was* some excuse, for there was not yet any National School in Hades. All went on quietly for a time, when Cerberus unfortunately squatted himself down upon Jove's thunderbolt, which its master had dropped under the table, and, giving a most terrific yell, rushed between the legs of Mercury's chair, and upset him in a twinkling; while, almost before he could rise, the unfortunate animal was treading the "*facilis descensus Averni*," with his tail sadly blackened by the accident, and roaring with pain even louder than the Gods with laughter.

Dinner passed off without any more accidents ; and when the ladies retired, Vulcan and Mars sat down to play at *ecarté*, at which the former proved the winner. Apollo drily remarked, having but just left his coach-box to join the party, that Vulcan had netted Mars's cash as well as himself. Mars rose in a towering passion, when Jupiter recommended him not to be nettled, which only made him ten times more so than before. A quarrel was the consequence ; and Jupiter, thinking it best to return before words came to blows, requested Apollo to put to his team again, which he readily consented to do.

A most memorable night that was to the inhabitants of the lower hemisphere, and innumerable were the learned heads which were bothered in the attempt to account for its unusual brilliancy : but though many explanations were given, the real cause has remained undiscovered to this day, in which I have the pleasure of laying it before my readers.

K.

MYTHOLOGICS.—No. 2.

THE MUSES' MASQUERADE.

"HUSH ! don't you hear some music ?" said Juno to Jupiter one fine summer's evening as he lay dozing upon a cloud.

"None but your voice, my love," replied the complimentary Thunderer, who happened to be in one of his mildest moods at the time.

"Now don't talk such nonsense," returned his spouse, evidently very much pleased : "but seriously, can't you distinguish anything ?"

"Well, now you mention it," replied Jupiter, "I think

I do catch a kind of a scraping at a distance, that I suppose is meant for music. Hillo! Mercury, my boy, what's the meaning of all that row yonder?"

"Oh!" said the individual addressed, in a contemptuous tone, it's the Muses giving a flare-up masquerade on the top of Parnassus; but I dare say it is not worth going to, just to see a parcel of old maids making fools of themselves." [N.B. Mercury had *not* been invited.]

"I should think not, indeed," chimed in Juno, with a toss of the head; "why there will be all sorts of nobodies there! What presentable person would condescend to be seen among them, I should like to know?"

"Should you?" said Jove; "well, then, *I* for one: so just run and tell Minerva to overhaul her handiworks, will you? It's hard if we can't find something among them all to disguise ourselves with. And Mercury, d'ye hear, tell all the other Gods that I am going; perhaps some of them would like to go too." And away ran Mercury to obey orders.

Now a masquerade was a sort of lark that the immortals did not often enjoy (at least we find no mention of it in Homer, and the old boy has taken pretty good care too to tell us of most of their naughty doings); so they came running together in less than no time, and Minerva's stores seemed to stand a good chance of being reduced to shreds from the eagerness with which every one endeavoured to seize upon whatever among them happened to strike his fancy. Of course Jupiter, like the lion in the fable, had his pick and choose before any of the rest ventured to touch a rag.

Monstrous queer figures they all cut! Mars, whom Vulcan had lately caught tripping, (at least so he

said,) feeling somewhat awkward under the accusation, doffed his armour for robes of ermine, and looked considerably more like a lamb than a lion.

Jupiter went as a Dandy, though it must be confessed he looked rather superannuated for such a character; Venus as a Vestal; Pallas as a Blue Stocking, with an anti-population pamphlet in her pocket; Mercury with an empty bread-basket, as a Lacedæmonian Pauper under the new Poor Law Bill introduced by Lycurgus, a legislator with a wry nose; Hercules as himself; and Bacchus sober.

Wonderful was the sensation they created as they mingled in the motley group assembled on the top of Parnassus: the nine hostesses looked petrified, and were evidently considering the devastation they would cause in their nicely-calculated supper; the three Graces uttered most ungraceful exclamations of surprise; the Satyrs quizzed them; and one ill-mannered Faun actually had the impertinence to roar out in Jupiter's ear, at the full strength of his voice, "Who are *you*?"

"By the by," said Jupiter to Mercury, who played Jackall to his superior's Lion, "where *can* Juno have got to? I have not seen her these two hours."

"Oh! I forgot," replied Mercury, "she told me to tell you she had got a bad headache, and was going to bed, and she begged you would not stay out late, or make any noise when you come home."

"Hookey!" said Jupiter to himself.

"Egad! that's a fine woman, isn't it?" resumed Jupiter after a pause. Mercury turned to look, but when he turned again to reply, Jupiter had disappeared among the crowd.

"Well!" said the highly respectable deity half

aloud, "that beats cockfighting! I guess he is not *over* sorry she *has* got a headache;" so he turned away to seek his own private diversion among the company.

"Plaguy hot! isn't it?" said Hercules, as he ran against Bacchus, who wore a face which seemed to denote he was searching for something he was not able to find; or, to use a favourite and expressive phrase, looked as if he couldn't help it.

"Precious hot indeed," replied Bacchus, "though I can't say I feel it much myself, for I was lucky enough just now to stumble upon Æolus with the south wind in his waistcoat pocket, which I found a great convenience. By the way, have you any idea whether these respectable maiden ladies sport any kind of drink on the occasion?"

"Suppose we go and see," said the King of Clubs; so they marched off arm-in-arm towards an immense pitcher which stood on a side table: the attendant nymph instantly filled a couple of golden goblets with the contents (a service for which she was liberally chucked under the chin by Bacchus), and both deities simultaneously raised them to their lips.

"The devil!" said Hercules, with a face as long as his arm, setting down the cup and looking hard at his companion.

"Pure Helicon, by all that's holy!" said Bacchus, as he did the same, with every tooth in his head ready to drop out. "I wish you a very good night, Hercules, I make it a rule never to patronize such arrant humbugs as these Temperance Societies."

"I'm with you," said Hercules. "I dare say Silenus's beer-shop is not shut up yet; come along, old boy!" and the two friends were off like a shot.

"Now do only for a moment remove that envious mask!" prayed the father of gods and men to the fair object of his pursuit, whom he had succeeded in chasing into a corner.

"For shame, sir!" was the indignant reply. "You can be no god thus to persecute a defenceless woman! I thought that in this society at any rate I should be free from insult! If I could but see any of my friends this way I would have you instantly ducked in yonder fountain, you low-lived fellow, you!"

"Fair and softly, my angel!" said Jupiter, "fair and softly! I have heard too many women's tongues before now to care much about them henceforth. If you knew who it was that knelt to you, you might perhaps be a little less haughty."

"Never, sir!" said the Unknown. "Leave me, I command you, or I must raise the house, and put you to that shame you so richly deserve."

"Never, lady fair!" said Jupiter with equal energy, "till I have had one glance at that beauty which it is too cruel to conceal."

"And will you promise," said the lady rather more mildly, "to leave me unmolested for the rest of the evening if I comply for an instant with your request?"

"By Styx!" began Jupiter.

"Spare your oaths, sir," said the Unknown, "their truth has been too often proved already!" Now then, have your wish!" The mask was suddenly flung to the ground, and Jupiter beheld—Juno!!!

Only fancy the hubbub which ensued when the Gods had taken their hasty departure, or, as Mercury (who from the society he was in the habit of keeping picked up all the newest phrases) expressed it, "cut their sticks like bricks."

"Celestial powers!" screamed the muse of Poetry.

"Lawks-a-mercy!" drawled the muse of Prose.

"Oh! the wretch!" said Diana to her sister old maid Minerva, as they wended their way home together, lantern in hand, "oh! the villain! wouldn't I give it him if *I* were Juno!"

And thus ended the Muses' masquerade.

K.

[To be continued.]

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF DUGALD STEWART.

I ALMOST fear that if the words "Scotch metaphysics" catch the eye of many of my readers in the first line, they will be deterred even from following out this sentence to its close; but if they have been induced to bear with me even thus far, I beg at once to assure them that they will find nothing very abstruse or visionary in my speculations. It is true that I would wish them to take a peep into that cloud-country, from which so many have been driven by the not unreasonable objections of the sceptical tendency and idle disputation, which have too often characterized metaphysical speculations from the North.

That the philosophy of the human mind, however, is not necessarily connected with either of these objections, the works of Butler and Paley are sufficient evidence; though the want of elevation in the style of the one, and in the principles of the other, yet leaves a desideratum for the Christian moralist to fill up. He that shall expound the principles of Butler in the language of Paley, and extend his examination over the same

wide field as the author whose name stands at the head of this paper, will claim a higher pedestal than has yet been awarded to any writer on moral philosophy.

It would be equally beyond the powers of the writer and the patience of the reader, to attempt in the present instance anything like a review of the various theories which, after having successively gained a few expounders and followers, have been allowed by public opinion to dissolve themselves again into the thin air from whence they derived their origin. I therefore leave such speculative questions to themselves. The analysis of the human mind can in all cases be but a most imperfect process. It is impossible to test it by the same crucial experiments as those by which physical truths are elicited. We require some neutral ground on which to fix the fulcrum of that lever, wherewith we would move the sphere of our spiritual being. The aberrations to which we are liable in all mental inquiry, are analogous to those which affect the materials of which barometers are composed, or the substance of a standard measure.—*Quis custodiet custodes?* Who shall weigh a weight? Who shall measure a measure? And since it will be at once apparent that in experiments upon the mind we are open to an infinitely greater number of errors, (and which cannot be with certainty allowed for in our calculations,) it may fairly be asked, though with less antithesis, Who shall analyse the mind?

I have found it necessary to use terms wholly metaphorical to express my meaning, and indeed in no other way can we give any definite notion of the principles and operations of the mind. To me indeed, though I am willing to allow the defect to exist in myself rather

than in the theories that have been propounded, whenever an attempt has been made to build up a complete mental system, and classify every variety of mental operation, it appears a mere playing with words, or arguing in a circle. Thus the Ideal theory of Berkely leaves all evidence exactly in the same *relative* position as that in which it found it. And when Descartes argued "*cogito, ergo sum*," for all that I see, he might as well have said "*sum, ergo cogito*."

The abstract propositions from which most of the ancient schools set out, and the professedly experimental systems of the moderns, seem both unsuited to the subject which they take in hand. I see not how the mind is to sit in judgement on itself, and to come to a decision, true, complete, and impartial. It is as if the anatomist were to attempt to dissect his own right hand, or even still further, the very scalpel with which he performs dissection. The metaphysician may sit like Achilles,

*Ὁν θυμὸν κατέδων,
"Ipse suum cor edens,"

but he must be like the Kilkenny cats before he can make a perfect digestion of it.

I trust that I shall not be deemed paradoxical if I immediately proceed to commend the study of that class of writers whose imperfection I have just acknowledged. I purpose, after sketching a slight division of the subject, to exemplify the mode of discovery in mental philosophy, and the practical applicability to its laws, by reference to the theory of the association of ideas; gladly escaping from my own society, wherever the opportunity occurs, to lay before my readers Extracts from those great guides in a mazy region, the recommenda-

tion of whose works is the object of the present slight attempt.

Mental science, deriving our division from the writers on the subject rather than from any distinction in the nature of the thing, may admit of three classifications:

1st, Metaphysical, which attempts to explain the nature and classify the operations of the mind.

2ndly, Ethical, which treats of the moral powers and their development in action.

And 3rdly, One which (at present undistinguished by any appropriate name, though it has sometimes loosely been called Philosophy of the Human Mind,) embraces the application of theories to character and manners, life and literature, taste and the fine arts.

The connexion of these branches is of course so intimate, and the separation so arbitrary, that few authors have given their attention to any one without bringing the others under discussion; nor have I been able, I fear, even in these few pages, to avoid altogether an inter-nomination of the several divisions above mentioned. My remarks will, however, be chiefly confined to the subject matter falling under the third head.

Now though we may admit the impossibility of perfecting any satisfactory theory of the human mind, there are certain truths at which we may arrive, without attempting a complete classification. As it has been well remarked by a talented writer in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review*, our knowledge in mental science must be acquired by observation rather than experiment; and we must proceed in recording our additional knowledge more on the plan of the geographer than the naturalist, mapping down the results of our observations in their proper places, without attempting to refer them on the first discovery to a predetermined arrangement.

This is indeed the only legitimate process in the infancy of every science ; and I think that the writer has underrated the benefits that may accrue from this, the only true, method of metaphysical investigation : an opinion which I shall endeavour to maintain by pointing out some few of the advantages gained to the feelings, to literature, to the arts, and to active life, by reference to the law called Association of Ideas.

“ That one thought is often suggested in the mind by another, and that the sight of an external object often recalls former occurrences, and revives former feelings, are facts which are perfectly familiar even to those who are least disposed to speculate on the principles of their nature.” A road along which we have travelled, or a spot we have visited before, in company with a friend, is almost sure to recall his person to our mind, the conversation which we held, and the feelings by which we were then influenced. What a variety of thoughts, arising from this same principle, do the ruins of Athens or Rome call forth ! Hence also the well-known effects of a particular tune on Swiss regiments when at a distance from home. Who has not experienced a train of reflections, apparently utterly obliterated, reviving from the chance discovery of a school copy-book, or an old toy, or a forgotten letter ?

These illustrations of the peculiar power of a perception, or an impression on the senses, to awaken associated thoughts and feelings, may give a fair notion of what modern philosophers have designated by the term “ association of ideas.” The principle, often noticed by ancient philosophers, as the following passage from Cicero will prove, and acted upon to a certain degree by most people, as will afterwards be shown, was yet never so fully illustrated in its application to all the

powers of the mind as by the author from whom the foregoing examples have chiefly been taken, and whose opinions will constitute the value, if any, which the present paper possesses.

The words of Cicero are as follows : " Constituimus inter nos, ut ambulationem postmeridianam conficere-mus in Academia, maxime quod is locus ab omni turba id temporis vacuus esset. Itaque ad tempus ad Pisonem omnes : inde vario sermone sex illa a Dipyllo stadia confecimus ; cum autem venissemus in Academiæ non sine causa nobilitata spatia, solitudo erat ea, quam vo-lueramus. Tum Piso, naturane nobis hoc, inquit, da-tum dicam an errore quodam : ut, cum ea loca videamus, in quibus memoria dignos viros acceperimus mul-tum esse versatos, magis moveamur, quam siquando eo-rum ipsorum aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquod legamus ? velut ego nunc moveor. venit enim mihi Pla-tonis in mentem : quem accepimus primum hic dispu-tare solitum ; cujus etiam illi hortuli propinqui non me-moriam solum mihi afferunt, sed ipsum videntur in con-spectu meo ponere ; hic Speusippus, hic Xenocrates, hic ejus auditor Polemon, cujus illa ipsa sessio fuit, quam videmus.... TANTA VIS ADMONITIONIS INEST IN LOCIS ; UT NON SINE CAUSA EX HIS MEMORIÆ DUCTA SIT DISCIPLINA."—*De Fin.*, l. v.

To such an extent, and no further, had ancient phi-losophy developed this theory. It remained to the modern school fully to bring it to light, and assert and extend its utility.

This grand discovery, if it may be so called, in men-tal science, seems completely analogous to that of New-ton's law of gravitation in physics. In either case the principle had been practically acted upon before ; but it was by giving it a distinctive name, by applying it

to explain vast classes of phænomena not hitherto understood, by simplifying a variety of intermediate causes under one general law, and by leading to the formation of new combinations and calculations from the universality of the principle, that these two may be considered, in their respective sciences, as the greatest æras of modern discovery. The objections brought forward against the importance and practical utility of the promulgation of the law of the association of ideas have been fairly answered by Mr. Stewart on the grounds stated above.

It was urged, as it was against Newton, that there was nothing new in the announcement of this principle. "The whole scheme of education," it was observed, "had been founded on this principle in every age of the world. The groom who never heard of ideas or associations feeds the young war-horse to the sound of the trumpet; and the unphilosophical artists who tame elephants, or train dancing dogs, proceed on the same obvious and familiar principle." To this it was replied, (and we give Mr. Stewart's own words,)

"This argument, I suspect, leads a little too far for the purpose of its author, inasmuch as it concludes still more forcibly (in consequence of the great familiarity of the subject) against physics, strictly so called, than against the science of mind. The savage, who never heard of the accelerating force of gravity, yet knows how to add to the momentum of his missile weapons, by gaining an eminence; though a stranger to Newton's third law of motion, he applies it to its practical use, when he sets his canoe afloat, by pushing with a pole against the shore: in the use of his sling, he illustrates, with equal success, the doctrine of centrifugal forces, as he exemplifies (without any knowledge of the experiments of Robins) the principle of the rifle-barrel in feathering his arrow. The same groom who, 'in feeding his young war-horse to the sound of the drum,' has nothing to learn from Locke or from Hume concerning the laws of association, might boast, with far greater reason, that, without having looked into

Borelli, he can train that animal to his various paces; and that, when he exercises him with the *longe*, he exhibits an experimental illustration of the centrifugal force, and of the centre of gravity, which was known in the riding-school long before their theories were unfolded in the Principia of Newton. Even the operations of the animal which is the subject of his discipline seem to involve an acquaintance with the same physical laws, when we attend to the mathematical accuracy with which he adapts the obliquity of his body to the rate of his circular speed. In both cases (in that of the man as well as of the brute) this practical knowledge is obtruded on the organs of external sense by the hand of nature herself: but it is not on that account the less useful to evolve the general theorems which are thus embodied with their particular applications; and to combine them in a systematical and scientific form, for our own instruction and that of others. Does it detract from the value of the theory of pneumatics to remark, that the same effects of a *vacuum*, and of the elasticity and pressure of the air, which afford an explanation of its most curious phenomena, are recognised in an instinctive process coeval with the first breath which we draw, and exemplified in the mouth of every babe and suckling?"—*Prel. Diss. lx. lxi.*

It is in vain that a rejoinder is made to this, that the laws of mental operation possess not a capacity of more extensive application than what has previously been exemplified in practice. I deny the assertion. The law of association being once clearly stated in reference to one department of the mind, immediately suggests its application to others where it was never formerly suspected. And though it may heretofore have been applied to every class of objects by some or other individual, yet it is not till it is stated as a general principle that each man for himself carries it from the one class of objects in which he has been most engaged, (and consequently where he has most observed it,) to a generalization of the principle to every combination of objects whatsoever. Thus the schoolmaster may have practised, almost instinctively, this principle in his own office of education. He may have known how to con-

nect certain customs, in themselves indifferent, with notions of honour or shame, and thus practically have developed the principle of association ; but he may have had no notion that the same elastic law could be extended to every other profession and action. He might never dream that his appreciations of beauty proceeded from the same source, or that half the witcheries of poetry were thence derived. While, on the other hand, the poet who perceived the importance of the principle in his own art, may never have expected to find it enter into the economy of education, or that the groom or the bear-trainer were wielding the same powerful wand of enchantment as himself. It is then, I repeat, its enunciation as a general law of the mind, that gives this principle its value ; and he who first gave it

“ A local habitation and a NAME ”

may claim a Newtonian rank in modern ethics.

Till this law was formally enounced, who ever thought that our emotions of beauty would bear the minute anatomical dissection, which on this principle has been performed by Alison and others, and which so far from detracting from our enjoyment by laying bare the pulleys and wires of the fascination, has actually added intensely to its pleasure ? I cannot resist treating my readers with the following passage from another Number of the Edinburgh Review, explanatory of the principle how our ideas of the beauty of mere inanimate matter are derivable from the association of ideas it suggests with our feelings and sympathies.

“ It is easy enough to understand how the sight of a picture or statue should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original : nor is it much more difficult to conceive, how the sight of a cottage should give us something of the same feeling as the sight of a peasant's family ; and the aspect of a town raise many of the same

ideas as the appearance of a multitude of persons. We may begin, therefore, with an example a little more complicated. Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape—green meadows, with fat cattle—canals or navigable rivers—well fenced, well cultivated fields—neat, clean, scattered cottages—humble antique church, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedge-rows—all seen under bright skies, and in good weather :—there is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colours and forms; for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful, (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred,) might be spread upon a board, or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind;—but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections,—in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment,—and of that secure and successful industry that ensures its continuance,—and of the piety by which it is exalted,—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life,—in the images of health, and temperance, and plenty which it exhibits to every eye,—and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the object of our emotions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits;—or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that ruminant in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment—of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings—that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

“ Instead of this quiet and tame *English* landscape, let us now take a Welch or a Highland scene; and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here, we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses,—tufted woods hung over precipices,—lakes intersected with castled promontories,—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys,—nameless and gigantic ruins,—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and

the roar of the cataract. This, too, is beautiful; and, to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind, than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations, and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions, here, are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity;—lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, ‘from towns and toils remote,’—and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals:—then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base;—and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility,—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred; and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of their present life,—their wild and enthusiastic poetry,—their gloomy superstitions,—their attachment to their chiefs,—the dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings,—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer,—and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter. Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs and caves and gulfy torrents of the land; and the solemn and touching reflection, perpetually recurring, of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition, while Nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.”

I feel sure that there is no one, who has never heretofore contemplated nature in this light, who will not

only derive immense pleasure from the preceding extract, but will know how to increase that emotion to an almost boundless degree, on the next opportunity he has of applying his imagination to external objects. Nor is it only in matters of taste that this *new sense* is engrafted in us; the influence of association upon the higher powers of the mind steals gradually onwards undetected, till the observations of mental philosophy, by bringing its existence to light, enable us to contemplate its powers, and regulate its effects. And how much prejudice, and selfishness, and narrowness, and ill-nature flies at the approach of this philosopher's stone! or rather how are our natural emotions led into new channels, and the dross of passion turned into the pure gold of refined affections!

Let Mr. Stewart speak for himself on this subject.

"As the established laws of the material world, which have been exhibited to our senses from our infancy, gradually accommodate to themselves the order of our thoughts; so the most arbitrary and capricious institutions and customs, by a long and constant and exclusive operation on the mind, acquire such an influence in forming the intellectual habits, that every deviation from them not only produces surprise, but is apt to excite sentiments of contempt and of ridicule. A person who has never extended his views beyond that society of which he himself is a member, is apt to consider many peculiarities in the manners and customs of his countrymen as founded on the universal principles of the human constitution; and when he hears of other nations, whose practices in similar cases are different, he is apt to censure them as unnatural, and to despise them as absurd. There are two classes of men who have more particularly been charged with this weakness; those who are placed at the bottom, and those who have reached the summit of the scale of refinement; the former from ignorance, and the latter from national vanity.

"For curing this class of prejudices, the obvious expedient which nature points out to us, is to extend our acquaintance with human affairs, either by means of books only, or of personal observation. The effects of travelling, in enlarging and in enlightening the mind, are

obvious to our daily experience; and similar advantages may be derived (although, perhaps, not in an equal degree) from a careful study of the manners of past ages or of distant nations, as they are described by the historian. In making, however, these attempts for our intellectual improvement, it is of the utmost consequence to us to vary, to a considerable degree, the objects of our attention; in order to prevent any danger of our acquiring an exclusive preference for the caprices of any one people, whose political situation, or whose moral character, may attach us to them as faultless models for our imitation. The same weakness and versatility of mind; the same facility of association, which, in the case of a person who has never extended his views beyond his own community, is a source of national prejudice, and of national bigotry, renders the mind, when forced into new situations, easily susceptible of other prejudices no less capricious; and frequently prevents the time, which is devoted to travelling, or to study, from being subservient to any better purpose, than an importation of foreign fashions, or a still more ludicrous imitation of ancient follies.

“The philosopher whose thoughts dwell habitually not merely upon what is, or what has been, but upon what is best and most expedient for mankind; who, to the study of books, and the observation of manners, has added a careful examination of the principles of the human constitution, and of those which ought to regulate the social order; is the only person who is effectually secured against both the weaknesses which I have described. By learning to separate what is essential to morality and to happiness, from those adventitious trifles which it is the province of fashion to direct, he is equally guarded against the follies of national prejudice, and a weak deviation, in matters of indifference, from established ideas. Upon his mind, thus occupied with important subjects of reflection, the fluctuating caprices and fashions of the times lose their influence; while accustomed to avoid the slavery of local and arbitrary habits, he possesses, in his own genuine simplicity of character, the same power of accommodation to external circumstances, which men of the world derive from the pliability of their taste, and the versatility of their manners. As the order, too, of his ideas is accommodated, not to what is casually presented from without, but to his own systematical principles, his associations are subject only to those slow and pleasing changes which arise from his growing light and improving reason; and, in such a period of the world as the present, when the press not only excludes the possibility of a permanent retrogradation in human af-

fairs, but operates with an irresistible though gradual progress, in undermining prejudices and in extending the triumphs of philosophy, he may reasonably indulge the hope, that society will every day approach nearer and nearer to what he wishes it to be. A man of such a character, instead of looking back on the past with regret, finds himself (if I may use the expression) more at home in the world, and more satisfied with its order, the longer he lives in it. The melancholy contrasts which old men are sometimes disposed to state, between its condition, when they are about to leave it, and that in which they found it at the commencement of their career, arises, in most cases, from the unlimited influence which in their early years they had allowed to the fashions of the times, in the formation of their characters. How different from those sentiments and prospects which dignified the retreat of Turgot, and brightened the declining years of Franklin!

“The querulous temper, however, which is incident to old men, although it renders their manners disagreeable in the intercourse of social life, is by no means the most contemptible form in which the prejudices I have now been describing may display their influence. Such a temper indicates at least a certain degree of observation, in marking the vicissitudes of human affairs, and a certain degree of sensibility in early life, which has connected pleasing ideas with the scenes of infancy and youth. A very great proportion of mankind are, in a great measure, incapable either of the one or of the other; and, suffering themselves to be carried quietly along with the stream of fashion, and finding their opinions and their feelings always in the same relative situation to the fleeting objects around them, are perfectly unconscious of any progress in their own ideas, or of any change in the manners of their age. In vain the philosopher reminds them of the opinions they yesterday held; and forewarns them, from the spirit of the times, of those which they are to hold to-morrow. The opinions of the present moment seem to them to be inseparable from their constitution; and when the prospects are realized, which they lately treated as chimerical, their minds are so gradually prepared for the event, that they behold it without any emotions of wonder or curiosity; and it is to the philosopher alone, by whom it was predicted, that it appears to furnish a subject worthy of future reflection.”—*Philosophy of the Human Mind*, 8vo, vol. i. p. 358.

Long as this extract is, I would willingly have doubled its length, for it is but half of his summary on the in-

fluence of association on the intellectual and active powers of the mind,—certainly one of the finest passages in the whole range of philosophical writing.

With the specimens which I have given, will not my readers be surprised to learn that the third volume of this writer's principal and most popular work has never passed through its first edition? and that till within the last few years his name was hardly known, and his works scarcely ever seen within the walls of our Universities? Even at the present moment the (for its age and size) almost perfect library of the Oxford Union Society does not possess a complete edition of his works; a uniform one, alas! does not exist. But the recent republication of his Preliminary Discourse, and evident tendency of late years to the study of modern ethics both at Oxford and Cambridge, give a promise of a more due appreciation of this admirable man. I had intended to have given his own picture of "The Metaphysician," as drawn in the third volume of his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, but with one other "extract," on the utility of his favourite study, I shall conclude my obligation to this author.

"I have only to repeat once more," says Mr. Stewart, "before the close of this Dissertation, that the correction of one single prejudice has often been attended with consequences more important and extensive than could be produced by any positive accession to the stock of our scientific information. Such is the condition of man, that a great part of a philosopher's life must necessarily be spent, not in enlarging the circle of his knowledge, but in unlearning the errors of the crowd, and the pretended wisdom of the schools; and that the most substantial benefit he can bestow on his fellow-creatures, as well as the noblest species of power to which he can aspire, is to impart to others the lights he has struck out by his meditations, and to encourage human reason, by his example, to assert its liberty. To what did the *discoveries* made by Luther amount, but to a detection of the impostures of the Romish church, and of absurdities sanctioned by

the authority of Aristotle? Yet, how vast the space which is filled by his name in the subsequent history of Europe! and how proud his rank among the benefactors of mankind! I am doubtful if Bacon himself did so much by the logical rules he gave for guiding the inquiries of his followers, as by the resolution with which he inspired them to abandon the beaten path of their predecessors, and to make excursions into regions untrodden before; or if any of his suggestions concerning the plan of experimenting, can be compared in value to his classification and illustration of the various prejudices or *idols* which mislead us from the pure worship of Truth. If the ambition of Aristotle has been compared, in the vastness of its aim, and the plenitude of its success, (and who can say that it has been compared unjustly?) to that of his royal pupil who conquered the world; why undervalue the efforts of those who first raised the standard of revolt against his universal and undisputed despotism? Speedily after the death of Alexander, the Macedonian empire was dismembered among his principal officers. The empire founded by the philosopher continued one and undivided for the period of two thousand years; and, even at this day, fallen as it is from its former grandeur, a few faithful and devoted veterans, shut up in its remaining fortresses, still bid proud defiance, in their master's name, to all the arrayed strength of human reason. In consequence of this slow and gradual emancipation of the mind, the means by which the final result has been accomplished attract the notice only of the reflecting inquirer; resembling, in their silent, but irresistible operation, the latent and imperceptible influence of the roots, which, by insinuating themselves into the crevices of an ancient edifice, prepare its infallible ruin, ages before its fall; or that of the apparently inert moisture, which is concealed in the fissures of a rock, when enabled, by the expansive force of congelation, to rend asunder its mass, or to heave it from its basis.

"As it is seldom, in such instances, easy to trace to particular individuals what has resulted from their exertions, with the same precision with which, in physics or mechanics, we refer to their respective inventors the *steam-engine* or the *thunder-rod*, it is not surprising, that the attention of the multitude should be so little attracted to the intellectual dominion of superior minds over the moral world: but the observer must be blind indeed, who does not perceive the vastness of the scale on which speculative principles, both right and wrong, have operated on the present condition of mankind; or who does not now feel and acknowledge, how deeply the morals and the happiness of private life, as well as the order of political society, are involved in

the final issue of the contest between true and false philosophy."—*Prel. Diss.* lxxi.—lxxiv.

On congratulating myself on the more general attention now bestowed on ethical learning, let me not however be supposed to conclude it as a necessary sign of a healthy and a vigorous state of moral habit. Though the very reverse of this proposition has often been asserted to be true, yet I cannot but believe that there is some injustice in the remark, and that no one would dwell long on the manly tone of Stewart or Butler and not feel invigorated by it.

"Going over the theory of virtue in one's own thoughts," says the old divine, "talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it; this is so far from necessarily or certainly conducing to form a habit in him who thus employs himself, that it may harden the mind in a contrary course, and render it gradually more insensible; i. e. form a habit of insensibility to all moral obligations: for, from our very faculty of habits, passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker." And what more practical than the following words (one more extract) of Dugald Stewart? I wish my young readers to study this one sentence at least.

"In general, wherever habits of inattention, and an incapacity of observation, are very remarkable, they will be found to have arisen from some defect in early education. I have already remarked, that, when nature is allowed free scope, the curiosity, during early youth, is alive to every external object, and to every external occurrence, while the powers of imagination and reflection do not display themselves till a much later period; the former till about the time when boyhood ceases, and the latter till we approach to manhood. It sometimes, however, happens that, in consequence of a peculiar disposition of mind, or of an infirm bodily constitution, a child is led to seek amusement from books, and to lose a relish for those recreations which are suited to his age. In such instances, the ordinary progress

of the intellectual powers is prematurely quickened ; but that best of all educations is lost, which nature has prepared both for the philosopher and the man of the world, amidst the active sports and the hazardous adventures of childhood. It is from these alone, that we can acquire, not only that force of character which is suited to the more arduous situations of life, but that complete and prompt command of attention to things external, without which the highest endowments of the understanding, however they may fit a man for the solitary speculations of the closet, are but of little use in the practice of affairs, or for enabling him to profit by his personal experience." —*Philosophy of the Human Mind*, 8vo, vol. i. p. 469.

I shall conclude these remarks by a quotation from a little volume which has been pronounced by an able authority (Sir James Mackintosh) as the most important addition to philosophy since the writings of Bacon ; though the unassuming character of its title and publication* would probably have caused it to escape one's observation, if it had not kindly been put into my hands.

The Christian and the philosopher seem so blended in the discourse, and each seems to derive such dignity from the other, that it must be a matter of surprise as well as regret that these characters have not oftener been exhibited in combination with one another. The author is speaking of Natural Philosophy, but his remarks are equally applicable to the present subject. After showing that, after all, man is but a being "darkly wise," he proceeds :

"Nothing, then, can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy, and indeed against all science,—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may con-

* Herschel's Discourse on Natural Philosophy, Lardner's Cyclopædia.

fidently assert, on every well constituted mind is and must be the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry, and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character."—*Herschel, Discourse on Natural Philosophy*, p. 7.

QUIS ?

THEOPHRASTUS REDIVIVUS.

No. I. THE TIGER.

" Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit esculetis
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, *leonum*
 arida nutrix."

LET Tigerism be defined an affectation of taste more than common in manners and dress; and your Tiger is the sort of man who, having seen a new fashion in a print-shop window, will adopt it, and carry it to the extreme; and who, if plaid waistcoats were the mode, would have plaid trousers also, of the largest pattern. At school he exhibiteth his propensities by being a "Sunday buck," and wearing in the week a large gold chain over very slovenly clothes. When at college he driveth an ill-matched tandem early in the morning, and may be seen in the afternoon walking up Heddington Hill, his shabby gown loosely thrown over a new green coat with metal buttons. He rejoiceth in a tassel of unusual length, which falleth yet nearer his shoulder from a fortunate split, which extendeth across the surface of his cap, and thus avoideth any unseemly regularity.

He purposely taketh an old gown from a wine-party, that, being bronzed, dirty, ragged, and too short, it may bully the Proctors. He talketh of his "Smalls," his "Great," and his "Long," and would sooner die than not scratch out "Mr." on his printed card.

He abjureth mediocrity as something no more conceded to gentlemen than it is to poets. Such an one cherisheth long ringlets under the rim of his hat, and hath no end of whiskers, for they meet under his chin.

He cometh to a *dejeuné* in thin shoes and broad-striped silk stockings. When he driveth out, he goeth out of his way to pass through the most frequented streets. He keepeth his cab to stand long at the door of his Club, and hath a namesake behind of most diminutive stature. He must have nothing in the common way. He driveth a piebald horse, or rideth a pony so that his legs touch the ground. A man of this style, if he be very tall, will have a very small dog; if short, a Newfoundland of more than ordinary size. He will wear one very large ring, and going to play at quoits will put on white kid gloves. At dinner he calleth for some foreign dish or sauce which he knows his host does not possess, and will not drink wine because there is no Burgundy at table. He playeth not at whist except for guinea points, and letteth every one know that he preferreth Hazard. He useth many perfumes, whereof his room also is odoriferous, mingled with the stale fumes of tobacco. He would smoke a cigar at a Pic-nic, and having ill-learned to sing, accompanieth himself on the guitar. He sitteth on his ottoman at home for effect, attired in his dressing-gown *en Turc*. He raveth of Tasso, not knowing Italian. He talketh of Harrington and D'Orsay. He hath on his table many new French novels, the "Age," Metastasio, a riding-whip, three cigar-cases, four scent-bottles, one liqueur-case, and many notes and cards, of which he contriveth that the franks and titles shall lie uppermost. If he receiveth a note on pink paper, he hinteth that he cannot accompany you to the play as he promised, and ringeth the bell to know if Lady ——'s servant is waiting for an answer. If you meet him at the Opera, he noddeth to a box in the second tier, and goeth out, but lingereth in the lobby. I say nothing of his waistcoats. He is

more obnoxious than the "Dandy," but more harmless than the "Blood." In a word, he effects, by externals, that superiority of taste which does not exist in his own mind, and falls into the ridiculous by attempting the sublime. He is the "Magnus Apollo" of ladies' maids, and the Cynosure of tailors' apprentices.

STRAY TENDRILS.

MEMORY.

" Dost remember
 How in a night like this we climb'd yon walls,
 Two vagrant urchins, and with tremulous joy
 Skimm'd through these statue-border'd walks that gleam'd
 In bright succession? Let us tread them now,
 And think we are but older by a day,
 And that the pleasant walk of yesternight
 We are to-night retracing."

Ion, Act. iv. Scene 3.

MEMORY's dim thought!
 In visionary semblance to my soul
 Thy charm hath brought,
 Like summer's evening sky from pole to pole
 Beshot with light,
 A mellow picture of my school-boy days;
 In radiance bright
 Again fond fancy all their joys surveys.
 My every sense
 Of consciousness imbibes the subtle thrill,
 That trickling thence
 Intoxicates my frame with friendship still,
 While I retrace
 Those frolic moments that I ne'er could blame,
 E'en though disgrace
 And stern monition from preceptors came.

But, ah! those friends—
 Where are they? where?—The thought is full of pain!
 Yet gladness bends
 Her rainbow o'er the cloud;—for some remain.

J. S.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DESERT.

"Tis burning noon! Across the desert plain
 Winds the long caravan; from shores afar
 Homeward their steps are bent: a happy train!
 For ere yon sun hath left his radiant car
 Their journey will be o'er! The cheering thought
 Renerves each limb, and makes e'en weakness strong.
 Forgotten now the toil, the parching drought,
 While loudly swells the turban'd line along,
 In thankfulness and joy, the Moslem's choral song!

"Allah il Allah! the Desert is past!
 "The halls of our home will receive us at last!
 "From the dark eyes which mourn for the loved one's delay
 "We shall chase the bright tears ere the close of to-day!

"We have toil'd in the heat of the desert sun's ray,
 "But the sweet thought of home has enliven'd the way:
 "Through perils and dangers unnumber'd we've past,
 "But the joys of our meeting will pay them at last!

"Above us the Prophet hath stretch'd forth his hand,
 "He hath brought us unharm'd through the ocean of sand,
 "He hath kept the simoom and the whirlwind away,
 "He hath guarded by night, he hath guided by day!

"Allah il Allah! the Desert is past!
 "The halls of our home will receive us at last!
 "From the dark eyes which mourn for the loved one's delay
 "We shall chase the bright tears ere the close of to-day!"

K.

THUNDER.

THE mighty Thunder on its rattling car
 Rolls through the trembling heavens from afar
 Awful and deep ; while, heralds of the crash,
 Athwart the clouds the forked lightnings flash !
 Well might we deem, when on the startled ear
 Louder and louder fall those sounds of fear,
 That Death's pale steed, by Patmos' seer foretold,
 Had burst his bonds, impetuous, uncontroll'd,
 And with his clatt'ring hoofs, at ev'ry bound,
 From the high base of heav'n compell'd that awful sound !

TO A PICTURE.

I GAZE upon thee, nature's child,
 From ev'ry guile and sorrow free ;
 The snow that girds the mountain wild
 Is not more pure or fair than thee.
 The beaming look that lights thy face,
 Like the vesper's flush when the sun is set,
 Each winning smile, each untaught grace,
 Bespeak thee all, dear Margaret.

SESAME.

TO — ON THE MORNING OF HER MARRIAGE.

I WOULD not mar the thousand joys
 That fling their incense round thee now ;
 Go—give, ere yet its sweetness cloy
 Thy giddy sense, the promised vow.
 I have no skill, as others have,
 To weave my miseries in a wreath
 Of tutored poesy, to hide
 The burning brow that throbs beneath.

My simple tale—a boyish love—
 (The o'erword of a village song)
 A hope on earth—a vow above—
 A blighted blossom cherished long.

A few months past ;—and when again
 With mine thy altered glances blend,
 As thy cold hand on mine was lain,
 Thou bid'st me be, as aye, thy *friend*.

And yet, methinks, our eyes *have* met
 In more than friendship's mellowed light ;
 Our hands *have* clasped,—I feel it yet
 As 'twere a thing of yesternight.

Hast thou forgot,—canst thou forget,
 As up the woodside path we learned
 By gloamin light love's lesson set,
 The burning kiss ?—by thee returned !

Was't dull esteem or cold conceit
 That bade me ever cling to thee,
 And thee my fond advances meet,
 As bends the floweret to the bee ?

True : broken pledge or severed tie
 I cannot urge ; our spirits read
 The contract, signed and sealed on high,
 Where looks and sighs are regist'red.

Nor fair estate, nor fashion light,
 Nor rank, nor gold allured thee there ;
 His wit was not so very bright,
 His face was not so very fair.

Yet will I not in vain rebel,
 Nor murmur o'er the idle toy
 I've lost ; I read the riddle well—
 He was a man,—and I, a boy.

FRIENDSHIP.

ARRAY'D in Fancy's hues, o'er life's young spring,
 When Hope exulting waves her balmy wing,
 And all unstain'd by sorrow or by crime,
 Thro' thornless roses lies the path of Time,—
 Oh! say what charm each little care beguiles,
 And throws fresh brightness o'er the sunniest smiles :
 On Friendship only such delights attend,
 For where were boyhood's bliss without a friend ?
 When mourns the heart o'er passion's broken vow,
 When years have written toil on manhood's brow,
 And fairy hopes at length have ceased to shine,
 And Memory sits in tears at Sorrow's shrine,—
 Yet *all* that made the young world seem so fair,
 All hath not fled,—*one* solace still is there,
 The dearest gift to mortals from above,
 The balm of Friendship, "passing woman's love."
 And oh! when sickness racks the sunken frame,
 And chilling age has quell'd the soul of flame,
 When, quench'd in sad decay, the eye is dim,
 And reft for ever is the buoyant limb,
 That wingless* seraph by the sufferer's bed
 Sheds consolation o'er the drooping head ;
 Bids the last doubts of lingering frailty cease,
 And to the wounded spirit whispers peace ;
 In love's embrace receives the parting breath,
 And smooths the passage to the vale of Death.

THE TRIUMVIRATE.

THE EDITORS' STUDY, *six feet by ten.* Mr. HARRY
 MOUBRAY *at the head of the table, supported by*
 Mr. CHARLES IVERLY and Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN.

M.—"Now, my dear fellows, for the remaining pa-
 pers. Here is Moore's boy come for five more pages,

• "L'amitié est l'amour sans les ailes."

and the press is at a stand till they are sent. Overhaul the draw-full of 'Visions,' and see if there is one short enough."

B.—"Nothing under ten pages folio at the very least."

I.—"Let us throw in five or six sonnets, and plenty of spacing."

B.—"Or this carefully-written 'Fragment' of 'School Reminiscences'."

I.—"Either will do. Or let us dress up a good long 'Notice to Correspondents'; nothing more common, and the jokes so easy! We make our own premises to come to the predetermined conclusion. Now then, begin: 'We are infinitely obliged by the sarcasm of *A. B.*, but we don't feel his *sting*.'—'Lines to a Lobster,' we suspect to come from the *Shell*.—The verses inscribed 'To Selina,' we ———"

M.—"Hold! hold! Mr. Secretary; no such miserable trifling. This is really a matter of life and death: our publisher assures us he could never survive the disappointment of not being out to his time. And we have hosts of real correspondents to thank and answer, without any such wretched creations of your own."

B.—"And first let us return our general thanks for the kind manner in which our humble efforts have been seconded, both here and elsewhere, by our school-fellows past and present, by Carthusians and non-Carthusians, by governors and governed, by private friends and public patronage."

M.—"Yes, without the cheering support—— but let us first say our say to our Correspondents, and then to the Public."

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We fear that we must decline the ballad of "Edred

and Ella"; there is certainly simplicity in the style,—perhaps too much,—and we doubt if the author has sufficiently studied the English metres. In another copy of verses, we suspect from the same author, occur four lines ending thus, "serene, beam—done, home": surely his catechism must have told him the difference between "M. or N."

We would gladly have opened the portals of No. I. wider to *Sesame*, but there is a negligence about his compositions wholly inexcusable. We trust that our hint may have its due effect; till then our pages will be proof against his spell.

The kindly-expressed feeling of the author of the "Carthusian-Lemprièrean-Thyestean Reminiscence," will always secure our good-will, and probably a place in No. II.; but he will perceive that the spirit of his communication has been anticipated, for the present number, in prose. His "Acrostic" is purposely reserved for our next number.

Mere want of room and previous engagement obliges us to postpone, for future consideration, "A Query," "Vale," "Cave," "Incubus," "Prometheus," and several others that have arrived too late even to be read. Our number is made up much sooner than our correspondents conceive, and we are obliged to reserve the privilege of late insertion to ourselves.

Thus with real regret we postpone an essay, entitled "Sound and Sense," to the ensuing number, where we hope to find room also for a paper from our friend Larkins, "Love from a Coachbox," "The Skull," "The Auditor's Tale," "The Battle Song," "Athens," "Critique on Ovid," and "The Charterhouse Song," which latter "untoward" circumstances have hindered from making its appearance to-day.

To the author of "Friendship" we are under great

obligations, and our thanks are hereby given. We shall be disappointed if he does not continue his communications in *both styles*. Our gratitude has already, through another channel, been conveyed to the author of "The Skull." The translation from Soph. Œd. Col. is accepted. If the writer of the "First Day at Charterhouse" will follow our advice, elsewhere given, he will probably see himself in print next time.

N.B. Our little villains of fags so upset our papers in hunting for a rat last Saturday afternoon, that we fear some contributions have escaped in the confusion; but as we mean to have a thorough clearance of the study as soon as No. I. is fairly started, we shall hope to find the missing articles in time to notice them in No. II.

N.B. 2nd. In consequence of many earnest inquiries, we beg to state, that "Hints for being Flogged" will certainly soon make its appearance, the "Art of Pluck" being in the hands of our first-rate reviewer.

"And now, gentlemen," exclaimed Moubray, when the 'Council of Three' had severally given in their quota of the foregoing remarks, and had conjointly agreed to the report, "if I had but an audience I could make them a speech."

I.—"Send for some of the Unders."

B.—"Or why not the Sub-Editors?"

M.—"Let us send for both."

B.—"But the Study won't hold half of them."

M.—"Then we will adjourn to the Dormitory."

To the Dormitory they accordingly adjourned; the fags were sent for, who, under the directions of Iverly, quickly pulled forward a bed into the centre of the room, and having placed a huge arm-chair upon it for the President, and two stools for the other members of the council, the Triclinium was complete. At the sug-

gestion of Buchanan, the Shell were excluded, as being the most unmanageable set in the school, or, as Iverly remarked, because his friend had a horror of *ostracism*.

"You," said Buchanan, (as he pointed to the right hand,) addressing himself in "accents mild" to the Sub-Editors, (they were all at least sixth-form,) "will represent the Carthusian world; and you fellows," addressing the other group in sterner tone, as he pushed them to the left, "will be the representatives of the public: and take care," he added in a lower voice, "that you applaud heartily whenever the speaker finishes a sentence addressed to you."

At this moment Moubray entered. Great was the clapping of hands, the rapping of sticks, and the thumping of certain tin Podoniptrions; which latter were, during the whole harangue, with difficulty restrained within moderate bounds by the frowns and threatenings of Buchanan. When silence was restored the Chairman rose.

"Unaccustomed as I am to public——" whispered Iverly.

"Don't be a fool, Iverly," said Buchanan.

"Gentlemen," said Moubray, "I have summoned you here to congratulate you on a new æra in the history of Charterhouse. After deep consideration on the expediency of the step, and no little misgivings of our own powers of achieving it, our triumvirate at length determined to give forth to the world a publication written by our own schoolfellows, to be called 'The Carthusian.' (*Hear, hear!*)

"I trust that you will do us the credit to believe that we were influenced to come forward in this undertaking from a wish to show our affection for our school, and with the hope of doing it some service. (*Hear, hear!*) For, gentlemen, I regret to say that it has been a charge

against Carthusians, that they felt an indifference to the scene of their boyhood. (*Shame, shame!*) The accusation has, indeed, been made; but in the name of all my schoolfellows of the present day I here indignantly repel it. (*Bravo, bravo! from all quarters.*) If such were ever the case,—which I much doubt,—to use the fashionable phrase of the day, a *reaction* has taken place, and ‘The Carthusian’ shall be the first sign of it. (*Hear, hear, hear! and vivid sensation on the right.*) Gentlemen, I am wrong. (*No, no!*) Yes, I mistated—(*No, no! with cries of Hear him! from Buchanan.*) I was going to say that this was not the *first* sign; for last Founder’s day had already established the fact of the existence of good Carthusian feeling among the sons of Thomas Sutton. (*Hear, hear, hear! from the right.*) I am informed upon unquestionable authority, that the meeting on the last 12th of December exceeded in good-fellowship and numbers any which had been held for the last thirty years. (*Hear, hear!*) Gentlemen, I hail the return of palmy days to old ‘Domus’! we may not equal the numbers of our late master, we may not come up to the great names of his predecessor, but still we hope for sufficient merit to claim an honourable place in Carthusian history; and as far as our present efforts are concerned, it will ever be our object to unite in one common cause the pupils of RAINE, RUSSELL, and SAUNDERS. (*Hear, hear, hear!*)

“It does not behove me, in the presence of so many of my fellow-labourers—(*Hear, hear! from the Sub-Eds.*)—to say aught in praise of our own handiwork; but I cannot help referring with pride to the assistance which our first number has derived from the two Universities. Of the talent of many of the articles I do not mean to speak; but I am much mistaken if there is one ill-natured or unbecoming expression throughout the

whole of our pages. There may be much that is trumpery, there may be some that is impertinent; but if there is one line that would call forth the blush of modesty, or draw down the frown of authority, then has our labour been in vain, and we will be the first to confess our failure. (*Hear, hear!*)

"I need hardly say that we have had to work our way up against many discouragements. Candid friends have not been wanting to inform us that one said 'we might be better employed', another 'doubted if there was any talent at present in the school', and a third 'augured that our consciences would be haunted by the ghosts of departed "First Classes" and lost "Medals".' (*No, no! from the extreme gauche.*)

"I cannot help owning that our Seniors had apparently some reason to shake their heads. (*The Sub-Editors shook theirs.*) If we had asked contributions from those who are struggling to maintain their place in their form at school, or from those who are on the eve of challenging their first or second *Testamur* at college, then we should justly fall under the condemnation of the 'nod sententious'; but as our language has invariably been, 'Give us the effusion of your vacation or your leisure hours,' as we have acted up to the same principles ourselves; and by drawing from many sources have drawn heavily from none, we trust that we shall stand acquitted even in the presence of 'the most potent, grave, and reverend' of our condemners. (*Hear, hear, hear! with great rattle of Podoniptrions.*)

"One letter of advice we have indeed received, (*Hear, hear! from the Duumviri,*) which, from its intrinsic excellence and kindness, as well as the quarter whence it came, deserved our full consideration. And such it met with. We trust that we shall be the better

for its perusal, and strictly keep within the precept of 'not to be writing when we ought to be reading'.

"We feel also the truth of the remark, that 'literary composition, in youth, if indulged in to excess, is apt to enervate the mind, and indispose, if not incapacitate it, for severer studies'. We will moreover add, that early publication tends to engender a self-sufficiency, and an overweening estimate of our own abilities. But from the circumstance that

' We ask but little here below,
Nor ask that little long,'

we hope, instead of giving any encouragement to a decided graphomania, to rather check its progress by carrying off some of its superfluous humours. And we therefore give warning to our successful contributors, (*Hear, hear! from the right,*) and notice to the public, (*Hear, hear! from the left,*) that neither he, who may have a copy of his verses inserted in our miscellany, is therefore to consider himself as a poet, nor he, whose essay we have caused to be arrayed in type, is therefore to expect himself to be reprinted in the next edition of the British Classics. (*Hear, hear! from the left, with slight disapprobation from the right.*) Ours is but the morning pastime, which must make way for the business of noon; but we mean not the less vigorously to betake ourselves to our appointed tasks when our hour arrives because we have disported ourselves for a while in the early beams of public favour. (*Hear, hear!*)

"One word to our Superiors. If, at the commencement of our number, we have endeavoured to pry into the mysteries of a conclave which we regard with all the awe and reverence of uninitiated neophytes, and to bring its esoteric discourses to the light of day,

we pray that it may be taken in good part. The date may be affixed at the reader's pleasure, and the characters must be considered as simply official. The present representatives of those offices will probably smile at the errors we may commit in describing that œconomy, into which we have been curious enough to make inquiries from more than one quarter; but they will charitably attribute them to the difficulty of arriving at a correct report through secondary channels, and not to any intentional misrepresentation on our part. (*Hear, hear! from the left, in consequence of a look from Buchanan.*)

"I feel, equally with my friend Mr. Buchanan, highly gratified at the reception which our proposition has met with. It is no little boast, that 'the foremost lady in all this land', and the first statesman of the day, have both condescended to take a lively interest in our labours. (*Hear, hear, hear!*) Under such auspices, I exclaim, in the words of the poet,

' Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni;
Mente quatit solidâ.

No clamours of the public, no scowlings of the morose, shall drive us from our purpose. (*Bravo, bravo!*)

"It may be asked whether we contemplate any great length of voyage. To this I answer in the words of our motto,

' Dum licet, et spirant flamina,'

which, for the accommodation of the public, (*sensation in the extreme gauche,*) I translate: As long as our contributors and subscribers allow, and the breezes of public favour set fair upon our stern, (I had hoped, gentlemen, to have finished my address without launching our miscellany in nautical phrase,) so long shall our

little bark go forth upon the waters. (*Hear, hear!*) But the present year will probably see the end of our course. (*A deep sigh from the junior Sub-Ed.*)

"And now let me thank the gentlemen on the right for the cordial assistance they have afforded us. I speak for my two friends as well as myself. (*Iverly and Buchanan nodded assent.*) I have but little more to say. You will go home, and your friends will ask you if you know the editors, and you will truly answer that you do; but as a little mystery is necessary in the craft of authorship, if closely catechized whether Moubray is a monitor, or Iverly in the sixth, or Buchanan a gownboy, you will discreetly evade the questions as may best conduce to the success of our undertaking; we promise, however, that it shall not conclude without wiping away from the eyes of the public any little dust which for the moment we may have deemed necessary to cast in their eyes." (*Continued cheering followed the delivery of this oration.*)—Mr. Moubray descended from his elevation.

Mr. Buchanan then proposed a vote of confidence in the editors, which was carried unanimously.

Three cheers were then given for "The Carthusian", and one cheer more for Harry Moubray, after which the meeting separated; not, however, before considerable confusion had been created in the Dormitory by Iverly making some of the Unders jump over the bed and chairs, to the great discomfort of their shins.

As they were retiring from the room, little Scrub, eyeing its dismantled state, whispered Duster, "What will Mrs. J. say to this?"

POSTSCRIPT.

Notwithstanding the earnest request of our publisher, we have been unable to procure from the critical world any encomiums on our production before it was produced. We think this, considering the many admirable precedents in our behalf, rather hard ; but determined that our work shall come forth in all things agreeable to the publishing fashion of the times, we have selected from the old masters that which was denied us by the new ; and we trust that the “discerning” public will at once recognise with us the truth of the prophetic spirit in which our labours are by them described.

“An excellent trifle.”—*Domestic Cookery*, p. 13.

“A magazine so constructed is proof against all attacks.”
—*Hutton on Fortification*.

“Feb. 1. About this time green sprouts begin to shoot. Prune all exuberant suckers.”—*Mawe and Abercrombie*, p. 113.

“A glorious trio.”—*Musical World*.

“Neat in his appearance, punctual to his duties, modest in his demeanour, and equally profound and discursive in his learning, the CARTHUSIAN may be taken as an example of the best-regulated and agreeable of his order, in the class to which he belongs.”—*Dugdale’s Hist. of Monast. Ord.*, ch. xvi.

“Few periods could be fixed upon which promised better for the institutions in whose defence they came forward, than the moment when the first Triumvirate entered on the duties of their office.”—*Hooke’s Roman History*, vol. iv. p. 139, new ed.

“We prophecy an abundant harvest.”—*Moore’s Almanac*.

See also “*The Young Man’s Mirror*,” “*Every Man his own Printer*,” “*Pastime Published*,” &c. &c. &c.

We find at the last moment that “Public Schools,” “David and Jonathan,” &c. &c., are obliged to be omitted, notwithstanding that we have given an extra half sheet, an impertinence that we do not mean again to inflict on our readers.

The Carthusian.

BROOKE HALL.

Brooke Hall, Feb. 3, MDCCCXXXVII.—*The table pulled in front of the fire, and the guests seated, as cozily as before.*

Present:—The Preacher, Schoolmaster, Usher, Registrar, Physician, Auditor, Reader, and Assistant-Master.

(After a clatter of decanters and glasses.)

“... AND grossly impertinent in attempting to describe our conclave,” said the Reader.

“And utterly inaccurate in the description,” added the Auditor.

“And to talk of my grey head!” laughed the Registrar.

“And mine!” chimed in the Usher.

“And to assign me nothing but a giggle!” muttered the Assistant.

“And me nothing at all!” groaned the Physician.

“And to make me so prosy!” sneered the Preacher.

“And me so classical!” flouted the Schoolmaster.

"I must own myself disappointed on the whole," observed the Reader.

"The less that is said about it the better," whispered the Usher.

"They were too young to have attempted it," frowned the Schoolmaster.

"They should have taken my advice," sighed the Preacher.

"Aye, if they would but have listened to that," assented the Auditor.

"Or have asked for my help," chuckled the Assistant.

"It will cure them from making a second attempt," pronounced the Physician.

"The publication should be put down by a Governor's order," concluded the Registrar.

* * * * *

"Though, after all, there was something smart in the verses," smirked the Assistant.

"I must say that I have read worse prose in my life," observed the Reader.

"I have heard it very well spoken of elsewhere," added the Auditor.

"There certainly was nothing objectionable in the sentiments," decided the Preacher.

"And some excuse must be made for their inexperience," suggested the Physician.

"I think on the whole it was creditable to the school," hesitated the Schoolmaster.

"Very creditable indeed," responded the Usher.

What was the immediate subject of the foregoing conversation we have no more power than our readers to divine. Our self-love would naturally suggest that we had some little interest in it ourselves; and considering

the conclusion at which it arrived, we have no objection to keep up this self-delusion, if such it be. Certain it is, the more the subject was discussed, the more favourable became the verdict, and the more good-humoured and amiable, at least in our eyes, seemed the speakers.

After a considerable pause, "I think, Mr. Preacher," resumed the Assistant-Master, "that you promised to conclude your story when the same party were assembled that heard the commencement of it, and we are anxious to know something about the Squire, whose introduction was so untowardly interrupted on the former occasion."

"I remember," replied the dignitary significantly, "that you were in a great hurry on that evening to break up. However, if you feel any interest in the fate of my schoolfellows I am ready to proceed, but I do protest against the publication of what I may chance to say here."

"No fear of that again," said the Usher; "it must have been that tell-tale old gentleman I brought hither as a guest who gave so complete a report of our proceedings. I almost doubt the account he gave of himself, and rather suspect he must have been engaged for the newspapers."

With what countenance, after these remarks, the gentleman "who acts for us" supplied us with his notes, we leave to others to consider. Our business was only to revise and have them printed.

After a little overture of a-hems, the Preacher resumed his story.

The Preacher's Tale*.

“Squire Townshend was a man very different from the generality of his caste. The roughness of the yeoman did not extend beyond his outer garments, which were indeed as plain and rustic as those of the homeliest of his tenants. Neither had the sports of the field any attraction for him; but to a constant, almost a severe, attention to the improvement of his farm, he added the graces of a cultivated and well-stored mind, with a certain cherished assumption of philosophy, professedly derived from a deep knowledge of human nature.

“His opinions, seldom unnecessarily forced upon others, seemed to sit lightly upon him, though they were indeed now become ingrained with his nature, and, if provoked to the exhibition of them, they were broached with a tone at once of confidence and bitterness, which so clearly mark the prejudices of a bigoted mind. The French Encyclopædiasts, or rather the lighter school which embodied their pernicious scepticism, were the chief authors of his study; and imagining that he had found in them the key to all mysteries, human and divine, he viewed all the unenlightened portion of mankind with the bitterest contempt, not a little increased by the envy which he felt at their apparent greater happiness; for half conscious of the superior peace of mind of those whom he affected to despise, he endeavoured to depreciate it, as a bliss that had its foundation only in ignorance.

“Yet with a thorough hatred for mankind in general,

* Continued from page 27,—and concluded.

and a hearty disbelief in the generous sympathies of human nature, he was kind and considerate to those immediately around him, and devotedly attached to his two children.

“His daughter indeed he worshiped almost to idolatry; and cold and selfish must that heart have been, that could have known Alice Townshend, without loving her. She was now just seventeen, and combined all the womanly beauty of that age with the guilelessness of heart and simplicity of manner of a child. That rare combination of beauty, a full blue eye, with the darkest, deepest shade of brown hair, was the more enhanced by the height and elegance of her figure; and few saw her, and unhappily for her they were but few, who did not own that “fairer form or lovelier face” never graced the green earth with its presence. Nor were the qualities of her mind less attractive than those of her person. Sadly neglected in her education by her too indulgent and only remaining parent, she had sense enough herself to cultivate many of those accomplishments, which though in themselves sufficiently delightful, she only valued as the means of pleasing others. Whatever she took up she pursued with enthusiasm; and whatever faults there were in her character arose from this element of her nature. But how pardonable a fault is this in a young and beautiful girl! And if her sprightfulness of mind and manner occasionally betrayed itself into actions and expressions which one more considerate would have shunned, yet the recollection of her isolated and peculiar education instantly excused the excess which we should be less ready to forgive in one who had been brought up more under the eyes of the world.

“I now for the first time saw the sister of my friend, and I instantly thought how well he could have an-

swered that school-boy question, 'Whether he had any pretty sisters at home?'

"How closely does the memory cling to every, the minutest, circumstance of that visit! How well I remember the Sunday's service; the Squire's huge high pew; the large, old, red-lined prayer-book, and the drowsy minister! and how impatiently we all stood out the grating and squeaking which proceeded from the fiddles, clarionet, and bassoon of the village band, which performed from the curtained pew in the corner. The slovenliness of the service and the discordant harmony the Squire cared not to see altered, as it rather came as a periodical strengthening to his general prejudices on religious matters.

"It was just before the second service, when the cry 'Who's for a walk?' was quickly responded by all the youthful spirits of the party. The Squire had retired to his study to settle his farm accounts, the usual employment of his Sunday afternoon, and we were left to take our pleasure in our own way. As we crossed the church path which ran through the laurel shrubbery not far from the house, we were met by many a red-cloaked old dame, their prayer-books neatly enveloped in the white pocket-handkerchiefs which seemed to serve for no other purpose, who dropped, as they passed, their respectful curtesies to their unheeding mistress. I felt a little qualm to think we were not going the same way, and I believe my companions shared in it, for we all quickened our pace, and hastened to escape these unpleasant mementos by gaining the other side of the shrubbery, where we soon forgot both the old women and the service, whither they were bound.

"Hawkhurst, Frank, and his fair cousin walked on ahead, while Georgey and I followed after in due sub-

mission. The superiority which was conceded to the young Squire within his own doors, and in his father's presence, vanished at once when we gained the open air, and the relation of Upper and Under resumed its sway.

"We passed by the clipped yew-hedge and the trim parterre, which yet lingered, though somewhat neglected, of a date evidently prior to the present building, and bounded over in our way the flaunting hollyhocks, which lying stretched across the path, told better for the painter's eye than the gardener's hand.

"As we gained the terrace, which, winding round the extent of the pleasure-ground, (how appropriate was that name on the present occasion!) was elevated some feet above a cornfield waving in its full autumnal beauty below, a hare, roused from its repast on a bed of cloves, darted along the gravel-walk in all the vigour of wild nature. The cry was raised, the chevy was given, and away started five young souls in a buoyancy of life and spirit which the wild creature we were chasing could not more intensely know. As it sprang down into the cornfield, and Hawkhurst and Frank Townshend bounded after it with leaps greatly beyond the power the distance required, Alice, her brother, and myself more prudently kept the high ground to watch the issue of the chase."

"Out of breath, her bonnet dangling by one string behind, her cheek flushed with the exertion, her heart beating, and her dark blue eye brightening with an ecstasy, which, as it were from some natural impulse, the excitement of the chase, even so humble as this, always imparts, Alice Townshend, waiting the return of her two companions, seated, or rather threw herself on the sunny bank, which, artificially raised above the surrounding ground, terminated the *allée* in this direction.

“The two hunters quickly gave up their useless pursuit. As Frank scrambled his way back through the waving grain, he hastily plucked a few corn flowers and poppies with the intention of twining them, as he loved to do, in studied negligence under the ribbons of his fair cousin’s bonnet; and as he sprang on the terrace simultaneously with Hawkhurst, he cast the wild flowers in her lap, with some laughing remark about their language of love. I thought she but little heeded his remark; and though, after she had shaken the flowers on the ground, she snatched from Frank some that he was arranging into bunches for her hat, she allowed Hawkhurst to entwine them, a task of no little difficulty, judging from the time he was about it, in her hair. How bold I thought it of him to attempt it, how kind of her not to forbid!

“But I am wandering away into details that must be dull and trifling to all but myself, and yet in my own mind that scene arises as one of the brightest in the long track of memory that I can travel back. The dark oak grove which rose at the back of the group before me—the exquisite beauty of her who formed its most prominent figure—one of her young lovers stretched on the green turf at her feet,—the other half kneeling and half reclining, studding her hazel locks with the bright blue and scarlet flowers of autumn,—while the joyous sun forcing its rays through the foliage of the overhanging trees chequered the mossy bank on which they were reposing,—formed to my mind a picture more glowing and beautiful than art or imagination has ever since expressed. What of youthful happiness was there wanting in that scene? Even the thought that we were so soon to quit it, though perhaps it made us enjoy it less, yet doubled its value in our eyes, and gave it just

enough of regret to redeem it to the human heart, and remind us that it was but earthly.

"Now, as I look back upon it through the vista of retiring years, it seems to me as a fairy path leading back to the innocence of childhood, or the more perfect enjoyment of some happier sphere!

"It must have been more than two years afterwards, for I was just on the point of leaving school for college, that I was again invited to accompany George Townshend to his father's to spend our St. Saturday and Sunday. I understood on our way that we should probably find Hawkhurst and Frank Townshend there, as they were to spend the first week at the Priors on their way up from Cambridge for the long vacation. We found them already arrived; but what altered beings to what I remembered them when we last met here! There was no longer the frank familiarity, the oneness of purpose, the similarity of manner and dress, that marked the Hawkhurst and old Townshend of the Sixth Form. *Mr.* Hawkhurst of St. John's and *Mr.* Townshend of Trinity were 'men' of very different growth indeed.

"An estrangement which had been noticed, and mysteriously commented upon by us unders even before they quitted Charterhouse, and which I always fancied, somehow or other, originated in their first visit to the Squire's, had considerably widened during their residence at the University. Contrary to the wonted remark of candour that there must have been faults on both sides, perhaps strictly speaking in the present disagreement there was fault on neither.

"The number of school friendships that really last as such on entering upon life are comparatively very few; nor does it argue want of heart that such separations continually take place. Much heart-burning and bitter-

ness of feeling would often be spared to sensitive minds who have fancied themselves slighted by an old school-fellow at college or in after-life, if they would remember how accidental was their first companionship, and how altered the minds and habits of both parties have in the interval become. I am speaking of the cessation of friendship, not of friendliness. God forbid that I should justify the cold and heartless creature, the fawner,—the pedant,—or the coxcomb—who wraps himself up in the presumed virtue of higher acquaintance, or deeper scholarship, or a better college, to cut one, the sharer of his schoolboy pains and pleasures, when he makes his first appearance as a “novus homo” among the little-go aristocracy of the wine-party and the lecture-room.

“Between Hawkhurst and Townshend, though the warmth of their early affection was departed, there yet remained that unconstrained familiarity which the world would have construed into friendship; but to those who looked below the surface there were traces of a severed community of feeling within. This estrangement was visibly increased whenever they came into the presence of Alice Townshend; there was an awkwardness in their manner of addressing her, an over-anxiety to forestall every wish of hers, without showing an appearance of unusual interest in the performance, that strongly contrasted with the free and hearty manner of companionship with the hoyden girl when we last met. Notwithstanding the advantages which the cousinship of Frank gave him in many circumstances over his rival,—for such indeed he seemed,—Hawkhurst seemed to gain ground in the goodwill of the fair Alice. She indeed, grown now into the perfect image of womanhood, still retained the high spirits and light-heartedness of her earlier days, and would sit listening and smiling, with a pretended

air of impartiality, at the sallies which each threw out for her applause. If Frank uttered some kind and gentle saying that touched her heart, she would turn upon him a look which rallied for the moment his spirits and his hope; but when Hawkhurst buried his observation under some brilliant effusion of wit or irony, her laughing eyes twinkled into a flash which produced the feeling not only of delight but of victory.

"But this emulation could not last long. Thoughts too tender and too warm were being called forth, and feelings which would not bear to be trifled with.

"Who was to make a move? The squire's hay had been much too long on the ground to make him dream of any heavenly breathings save those which drove away the clouds. There was no considerate aunt to interfere; Thompson the housekeeper was on a visit to her friends; and my lady's maid, Tippet, was too much engaged with some pretty things the footman had lately addressed to her, to make her think that any one in the whole world was in love besides herself. Hawkhurst was very determined; Frank, though not less sincere, was more sensitive; as for Alice, she hardly knew or thought what she was doing, or what she was about to do.

"It so happened that on the morning on which I went away Alice and Frank had come down earlier than usual, when he took occasion to ask his fair cousin the reason of her apparent change towards him. I heard an angry and rude reply, and if I may judge from the result, one not very pleasing to Frank; for immediately after breakfast he found some excuse to leave the country, and accompanied me up to London on the coach without uttering a single word during our journey.

"That morning was the last time I saw either of the parties. The sequel of their history was furnished me

from different sources and at different times. I must needs be brief, and condense in as short a compass as possible what perhaps requires in many parts a fuller explanation.

“Within a year after our last visit, the squire was one day seized with an apoplectic fit, which carried him off in a few hours. The suddenness of the summons and the unprepared state of his mind produced a strong effect upon his daughter. The thoughtless, careless girl was now for the first time brought to dwell on subjects which her temper and her education had equally kept out of sight heretofore. With no friend on whom to lean for advice, with no just principles of religion instilled into her young mind, she felt herself thrown all at once upon an ocean of doubt and despair, without one guide on earth to counsel her where to anchor her faith. She rushed from one extreme to the other, and before she had ceased to wear the outward signs of mourning for her father, Alice Townshend was an altered being. Between her and Hawkhurst certainly no vows of love had been exchanged; yet never a vacation had passed during his residence at Cambridge without his promising a visit of two or three days at Staunton Priors, which he generally fulfilled by staying as many weeks. Her father’s habits had caused him to interfere but little in their arrangements, and consequently the youthful couple had every opportunity of improving their mutual acquaintance. Can it be wondered at, then, if each new visit derived a fresh interest by having the incidents of the last to talk over, and caused the next to be looked forward to with still increasing pleasure?

“Thus far matters had advanced, when the squire’s death turned all Alice’s feelings for the moment into a different channel, and in some made a permanent change. The

first person to whom she wrote, unburdening her mind, was George Hawkhurst, and she received back letters full of kindness and that overflowing of the feelings which would, but yet durst not, break into open declarations of love. Every periphrasis of affection that ingenuity could suggest was repeated over and over again, and he was only careful to omit the one word that would have told all. So far Alice Townshend was pleased: she would have been disappointed with less kindness, and confused by more; but there was something wanting in the letter which in her present state of mind only made her feel her present loneliness the more. Within a few days after the receipt of it, her cousin Frank arrived, summoned chiefly by the difficulties in which his uncle's property had been involved. He had never seen or heard from Alice since the morning I saw them part; and though his love for her was as great as ever, yet he had long considered it as hopeless, and had endeavoured to amuse himself by diverting his thoughts into other channels. If he had now the advantage over his old schoolfellow of being present, and that too at a time when sorrow overwhelmed all the unpleasant feelings of the past, he neither made nor intended any unfair use of these opportunities; but while in a manly and sincere tone he shrunk not to offer those consolations of religion which he saw she neither understood nor appreciated, it was no designing plan of his, if the ready welcome which they found in her bosom made her look upon Frank as her best comforter and friend.

"Frank soon after took his departure; but the perplexity of family affairs caused him to keep up a frequent and continued correspondence with his two cousins. The old squire's estate was greatly involved, the bulk of his fortune came into chancery, and even Staunton Priors

was obliged for the time to be abandoned. Hawkhurst, who still maintained much influence over George Townshend, came to give his advice about future arrangements, and being now his own master, determined to press his suit upon the fair sister of his friend.

“On the morning after his arrival they were strolling together along that same terrace-walk where Alice first allowed him to tangle the wild flowers in her hair, when Hawkhurst began to speak of the subject uppermost in his own heart and, as he trusted, in hers. Nothing could be more favourable than was the place for such a declaration. He began by alluding to that occasion which I so vainly endeavoured to describe before. Alice’s heart was touched. The recollection of sporting together as children is of all topics the most delightful to dwell upon when age has ripened playmates into lovers. Yet the scene recalled Frank Townshend too, and her girlish unkindness and his manly forgiveness; and Hawkhurst perceived at once that his offer, though not absolutely refused, was not received with the frankness and delight which he thought his due. He was not long in conjecturing the cause of this apparent falling off in her affection. He had already heard Frank Townshend’s name mentioned oftener and with greater pleasure than he liked to hear, and he perceived that the serious tone of Alice’s mind was more consonant to the mild wisdom of her cousin’s than to his own gay and proud spirit.

“He was the more confirmed in this from the change he observed in the present arrangement of the household. Even in the service of the church there was much more order and decency, and the afternoon bells did not summon the family at the Priors in vain.

“He saw that much of this was Alice’s doing, but jealousy pointed out the hand of Frank Townshend in the

background. He concluded, how unreasonably you have already seen, that his rival was endeavouring, through the medium of his cousin's religious feelings, to find his way to her heart. He fired up with indignation at this supposition. Knowing the nobleness and open-heartedness of Frank's character, he at first doubted whether he ought thus to brand him unquestioned; but he dwelt, and dwelt so long, upon the idea, that at last he firmly believed it as proved. He saw that he had himself lost ground in Alice's affections from the want of community of ideas on that subject the most heartfelt and important of all, and that in the short opportunity which was offered to Frank, he had as rapidly advanced; unconsciously, indeed, but, as Hawkhurst thought, with premeditation and design.

"He however perceived that he might still have the advantage if he were to exhibit a corresponding change in his own feelings. But deep as was his love, and unscrupulous his means when feeling prompted him, he was too proud to stoop to play the hypocrite. Perhaps, indeed, he saw that he could not do so successfully. He knew himself that his passions had been too fearfully indulged, and his belief too much tainted by the school of his early preceptor, ever to settle into the practical religion and subdued faith which marked the Christianity of Alice Townshend.

"He brooded long over his situation in despair; but one day, on Frank's name being mentioned, he burst into a violent fit of imprecation against him, and overwhelmed with the sarcasm, so ready on such a subject, what he termed the hypocritical pretensions and cant of both him and his cousin.

"This produced a revulsion in Alice's mind, which seemed completely to cancel all their former good un-

derstanding; and before their parting, she informed him expressly that they had better not meet again.

“But Hawkhurst had laid a deeper plan. As George Townshend and his sister were on the point of leaving Staunton for Italy, he determined to go abroad himself, and promised George that within a month’s time he would see them at Venice.

“His departure was a relief to Alice, and she resolved to think of him no more. Thrown now entirely on her own resources, and a few books, injudiciously selected in the wavering and unsettled state of her belief, she would have probably been shipwrecked upon the quicksands of fanaticism, had it not been for the kind advice of her cousin, now often tendered. Frank Townshend was now indeed a constant visitor at the Priors, and before they left home, when he again came to bid them farewell, Alice, having now entirely broken off from Hawkhurst, had little hesitation in accepting her cousin for her future husband. He agreed to overtake them in Italy when he had arranged some business which prevented his accompanying them on their way thither.

“The rest of the party soon met, as agreed upon, at Venice. Hawkhurst was much with them, not as Alice’s lover, but as George’s friend. He took care, however, in nothing to offend her; and they explored all the old haunts of his youth under his guidance. Among his old friends to whom he introduced them, he took particular care to recommend to their kindness and confidence his old tutor Father Francis. He was, indeed, a most intelligent and agreeable companion, and looked up to by the people among whom he dwelt as the strictest exemplar of the Roman Catholic faith. At the suggestion of Hawkhurst, but whether or not in the secret of his reasons I cannot tell, he took every opportunity of intro-

ducing the subject of religion, for the purpose of making Alice look upon Protestantism with distrust.

"With deep religious feelings, unsettled in her present opinions, and never having been educated in any fixed principles, it cannot be wondered at, if subjected for the first time to religious instruction, systematically conveyed by a zealous, interesting, and clever divine, the too confiding girl soon delivered herself up completely into his hands; and Father Francis was not long before he congratulated himself in seeing his fair pupil become his most enthusiastic proselyte. If her brother felt annoyed at this change, Hawkhurst took care to silence his scruples, and seemed only to dread that Frank Townshend might arrive before his scheme was fully completed. It being supposed that he was on his way prevented anything like regularity of correspondence; and indeed Alice had, in the almost daily expectation of seeing him, given over lately to write to him at all. In answer to her early letters, which mentioned the impression Father Francis's arguments had made upon her, he gently advised her not to trust her instructor *too much*, and this hint she secretly determined to attend to; but she had no one near to tell her *how far* she might confide in him with safety.

"She had at first sometimes misgivings how Frank would bear to hear of her conversion; but being thoroughly sincere herself, with all the self-confidence and faith of a young proselyte, she felt sure that so candid and independent a mind as his would be open to proofs which had been so convincing to her; and she latterly began even to look forward with pleasure to the sacred and, as she deemed it, easy task of removing his religious prejudices, and leading him to embrace the same faith as herself. Meanwhile the Father urged on her

the necessity of a public avowal of her conversion, and pointed out an approaching festival of the Church as the most fitting opportunity to prove the sincerity of her profession. She would fain have waited for Frank's arrival. The probability indeed now was that he would come before the day mentioned, and there could be no harm in her previous preparation for a ceremony which she felt convinced his liberal mind would not only not object to, but (such is the force of self-delusion) even approve. He had often spoken to her of the necessity of religious sincerity; and what could be a greater proof of it than the ordeal she was about to undergo?

"The day at length arrived, but no Frank Townshend. It was too late to put off the ceremonial, for which great preparations had been made, and the morning of St. Mark saw Alice Townshend received a faithful child of the Catholic Church in the splendid building dedicated to the tutelar saint of Venice. The rest of that day George was gloomy, Father Francis reserved, Alice serious, Hawkhurst in the highest spirits. He had some time previously made a second offer to Alice, and had been refused distinctly and for ever.

"On the following morning they were sitting together on one of those broad balconies which overlook the Grand Canal; the Priest was alluding to the vows which Alice had yesterday undertaken, and descanting upon the extent and importance of the Church's authority. 'And what think you, reverend Father,' asked Hawkhurst, as if half in jest, 'of a heretic husband for the fair penitent?' Alice changed colour for an instant, and again recovered herself. 'St. Mark forfend,' exclaimed the aged man, 'that she should so desecrate her faithful soul as to put even its outward covering into the hands of the faithless; but thou, my son, hast been too well

nurtured within that holy pale as to be numbered among the lost sheep of the true fold, though I would thou wast more frequent at the mass and the confessional.'

" 'O Father,' said Hawkhurst lightly, 'you mistake me, I speak not for myself; but if there be any other—' 'And if there be,' said George interrupting him, 'there is no law of the Church so strict as to prevent such a union, though it may be that it recommends it not.' 'Right,' answered the Priest, 'thou art a likely clerk, young man, and if thou prosecutest thy studies in our faith thou mayst be e'en brought thyself to the same acknowledgement of the truth as thy sister.'

" 'But if that heretic,' asked Hawkhurst with a malicious smile, 'should be a *cousin*?' 'Ah, then,' replied the priestly man, 'the case is altered indeed; on no point is Holy Church more clear and decided than in that. Incest! rank incest! *Si quis intra gradus prohibitos scienter*'—Hawkhurst shrieked a fiendish laugh. 'Jabber not thy Latin, old man, it may be to them no better than an Ave or a Pater Noster; tell her, tell them both, in a tongue they understand that it cannot, must not, shall not be:' and turning to Alice, 'If I cannot gain thee, *he* shall not.'

" 'Holy Virgin! what aileth thee, my child?' cried out the Father, regardless of Hawkhurst's interruption, for Alice had fainted at her brother's feet.

" 'Villain!' exclaimed George Townshend, 'this is a deep-laid plot of thine; but tell me, Father, though I free thee not wholly from suspicion, this marriage is a matter that can be somehow compromised?' 'Indeed not,' responded the old man, 'I would not risk the displeasure of the Holy See to apply in behalf of one so lately sworn to every ordinance of the Church. Trust me, youth, it is too true; but if this fair lady hath left

in England any such attachment, time and distance—' 'Pshaw! dotard, I stop not to argue here. Hawkhurst, I would speak with you apart.'

"They entered the room, but whether they remained there Alice knew not. When, however, she recovered she found herself alone with Father Francis in the balcony, and immediately she began to question him on the certainty of what he had before asserted. 'Daughter,' he replied, 'the Church but echoes the word of God in her ordinances; she cannot diminish aught from what she reads there.' 'But I was ignorant, father, of the law; I knew not how strict—' 'What!' interrupted the old man, 'would you then, had you known it, have hesitated to have been received into her holy pale? Was the law of flesh so little quelled within thee as to give up all thy hope of salvation for this fond and unlawful union?'

"Alice was staggered, and knew not how to answer him. 'But you are too hard upon me, good pastor; surely there is a dispensing power in him who holds the keys to loosen as well as bind.' 'There have indeed been cases, my child, in which kings and great men, regardless of the Church and godless, have gained, much against the Holy Father's will, dispensations in cases such as these; but for a humble individual like yourself, and one whose probation is hardly yet over, who would make such application? Nor would you indeed, if a sincere and not merely nominal Catholic, wish to force thy own conscience and that of others to make or grant the request.'

"Alice paused for a long time in deep meditation; at length she firmly spoke out; 'Say, father, that as a true Catholic I cannot ask it, and I have done.' 'Indeed then, daughter, I tell thee, as one whose con-

science is in my hand, that thou canst not.' The poor girl burst into a flood of tears, but when she recovered she was calm, composed, and resolute.

"Father Francis rose to take his leave; she was accompanying him to the door which led from the balcony to the room, when a voice below attracted her attention. A gondola glided to the steps of the hotel; a light figure bounded out: it was Frank Townshend. Another moment and he was in the room,—'Alice, cousin Alice!' and he was in her arms.

"The Padre looked on with some anxiety and alarm; he heard the word of relationship pronounced, and he saw the rest. He began to fear for the constancy of his convert. 'Young man,' he exclaimed, 'if thy embraces are those of a brother, let me not interrupt such tokens of affection; but if, as I judge from their warmth, they imply a future closer bond than that of cousinship, refrain from encouraging the hope of so impossible an event.'

"The surprise and indignation with which Frank turned round on this interruption was great and violent. He suspected that this was the Father Francis who had gained so much ascendancy over Alice's mind, but he did not as yet know the whole or see the consequences. The altercation, as may be supposed, ran high, and the last thing done was to explain the real state of their present position.

"While the dispute was yet proceeding, the door opened, and a messenger running in out of breath could not explain his message before the lifeless body of George Townshend was brought into the room. The case was clear enough. He had fallen in a sword duel with Hawkhurst, pierced through the heart. The murderer, for such I must call him, had fled, it was said to offer himself to the French army.

"Of the rest I know little. There is, I believe, no doubt that Alice remained true to her vow and her confessor. It is reported that she retired to a sisterhood near Florence, though she never took the veil; and the following epitaph, copied from a plain marble slab in the chapel of the convent, seems to confirm the statement.



STIRPIS ANTIQUISSIMÆ,
 PUERITIÆ SECURISSIMÆ, VITÆ MISERRIMÆ,
 AMORIS FIDELISSIMI, INTEGERRIMÆ PIETATIS,
 HIC SITUM EST
 OMNE QUOD RELIQUUM.

A. T.

"Frank Townshend entered into the English service, and it is reported that he and Hawkhurst met and fell at the battle of Waterloo. Staunton Priors has never since been inhabited; the last time I passed by the road, the roof of the house had fallen in not long before, and the whole place presented no inadequate a representation of the ruined fortunes of the family who once possessed it."

CONVERSATION.

To hold discourse with freedom and with ease,
 To charm with elegance, with wit to please,
 How rare the skill! Ye tribe of flutterers, say—
 Whose aim it is to trifle life away,
 Whose senseless converse in its silly vein
 Bears the true impress of the shallow brain,—
 O say, how brilliant the remarks that fill
 The weary pauses of yon throng'd quadrille!
 Or where the warmer theme their chat exalts,
 Who tread thy slippery rounds, too dang'rous waltz!
 The sentimental miss, just loose from school,
 The monkey stripling, or the travell'd fool.

Yet if they must perforce be asses still,
 As Nature made them, let them if they will:
 'Gainst such as these no angry feelings rise,
 We only gaze, and pity, and despise.

But deep the scorn with which we turn to you
 Who live and thrive on slander and on loo.
 Such ancient maids as breathe soft Chelt'nham's gale,
 Or quaff thy fount, fair city* of the vale!
 Pure spotless souls! from frailty's stain exempt,—
 Because, blest lot! they ne'er had charms to tempt.
 With withering breath each fairer name they blight,
 While disappointment rankles into spite,
 And flows the tide of scandal full and free,
 Fed by the Chinese nymph† of lies, Green Tea.

But hark! from yon boudoir a gentler sound,
 Where essenced 'kerchiefs breathe soft odours round,
 And pretty triflers lispingly rehearse
 The laws of fashion and the laws of verse:

* Bath.

† "I grow pathetic,
 Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, Green Tea!"

DON JUAN, canto iv. 52.

While, dangling there, its little maxims tells
In honied accents to assenting belles,
Well skill'd to spread the shawl or flirt the fan,
Yon perfumed thing that calls itself a man ;
Tells how the world admires the new romance,
Or the new cap,—imported fresh from France ;
How Caradori's notes the senses stole,
Or lovely Grisi charmed the captive soul,
Or those, by famed homœopathic plan
Aided in vain, ill-fated Malibran !
How sweetly tender, or how nobly fine,
That ' pow'rful ' paragraph or that melting line !
How deck'd in all the charms that taste can give
The latest poem,—and the latest sleeve !

Nor vainly hope, alas ! where *men* have met
That poor Discourse can find a refuge yet,
Nor dream that Wisdom glows or flashes wit
Where round yon board Creation's masters sit ;
The vacant fool, whose listless yawns declare
Some aching void, some craving vacuum there,
The brute who, wearied with the dull repast,
Thanks heav'n those women have retired at last.
Seek ye the manlier thought, the nobler mind
With science stored, by elegance refined ?
Deem ye of these ? Not here such feeling dwells,
Not such the tale their empty converse tells ;
Whether they prose in seesaw strain, and mix
Dull county news with duller politics,
Or—pleasing change !—their lofty souls review
The turf, the ring, the kennel, and the stew.
Hail, mightiest theme ! like streams that seek the sea,
The rest still meet, and centre all in thee.
Hail, mightiest theme ! which ev'ry taste canst hit,
Make blockheads talk, and lend to dullness wit !
Silence no longer holds her leaden sway—
On such a subject ev'ry ass can bray ;

Uncheck'd the stream of profligacy flows,
 And list'ning boobies e'en forget to doze.
 Lo ! while some grey-hair'd man, with humour sly,
 Cuts the coarse joke and rolls the meaning eye,
 Fights o'er the battles of his youth once more,
 And wallows in the filth he lov'd of yore,
 Baring his inward foulness to the view,
 His soul more loathsome as his days more few,—
 Warm'd by the theme, yon stripling quaffs his wine,
 Deems it true manliness in vice to shine,
 Tells his crude exploits unrestrain'd by shame,
 And boasts of deeds a Satyr might disclaim.

Turn now, and see a different train appear,
 Conceit in front and Ignorance in the rear ;
 Active to wag the tongue or wield the pen,
 Behold yon group of "talented young men ;"
 Hear their high converse on all things in turn,
 Which once were thought to take some time to learn,
 And wonder, while of matters deep they tell,
 How they who know so little talk so well.
 Aye, wond'ring, hear them hold the grave debate
 On England's prospects for her Church and State ;
 Enounce sage dogmas, with profoundest mien,
 Pilfer'd, just fresh, from last month's magazine ;
 Explain how Ireland's woes may surely cease,
 And all be chang'd to plenty and to peace ;
 How best may Freedom's sun illume again
 The sister lands of Lusitania and of Spain,
 Where patriots claim their ancient right, to rob,—
 And liberal queens are bullied by the mob ;
 Hint how much danger to the Church they dread,
 From learned lectures,—*which they never read* ;
 Fix the due rate of tithes, the rent of land,
 And mete the surplus, ne'er to come to hand.

Such are we still ;—ye modern sages, say
 How shall we clear these dark'ning mists away ?

Ye, who diffusing wide the liberal page
 With Useful Knowledge, cram our thinking age.
 Or must experience own, perforce with pain,
 Your boasted March of Intellect is vain !
 One remedy there is :—let *Women* be
 All that in us themselves would wish to see.
 Oh ! let them burst that bondage of the mind
 Insulting Custom would around them bind,
 And, scorning *mere* accomplishments, attend
 At length to Education's real end :
 This let them do, and we must own their sway,
 And man must follow in Improvement's way.
 Ye fair ones, make this blest reform your own,—
 From you Society must take its tone :
 Thus Nature's self ordains ; assert your right,
 Form'd to adorn and fitted to delight ;
 Dare to be truly wise and truly free ;
 If *you* are frivolous, frivolous men will be.
 Oh ! made for nobler ends, no longer deign
 To smile on Vice, or sport in folly's train !
 Crush with a frown the coxcomb's vain pretence,
 And shame, oh ! shame each blockhead into sense.

ON ATOPOLOGY*, OR JIM-CROWISM.

NATURALLY I am neither witty myself, nor the cause
 of wit in others. I say *naturally*—because the good fortune
 of my life has prevailed over the dull star of my
 cradle. I was not born under Mercury ; and my horo-
 scope being cast in Aquarius, it was deemed,—alas, for

* From the Greek "*atōpon*," very feebly rendered by the English word "absurd."

the short-sighted ken of mortals!—that my wit would exhibit neither the nice discrimination of *Libra*, the keen points of *Sagittarius*, nor the biting sting of *Scorpio*. No bees clustered around my infant lips, but a nursery tradition preserves the history that I was nearly choked, in consequence of the attractions which some demi-dry water-gruel on the corner of my mouth, offered to a circumlambent blue-bottle. It is also recorded that I was most intemperately addicted to milk-and-water.

The prognostications of the Phrenologists were not a whit more encouraging to my budding talents than were those of the Astrologers. Deville searched my “head and front” in vain. My occipital regions were pronounced predominating, nor was the breadth of my mouth considered in any way to make up for the deficiency of that quality on my brow.

But in spite of all their evil prophecies, I soon rose to the character of a wit, which I have since most creditably and obstinately maintained. The fact is, I was a man—I had almost said *the* man—of my age; but I do not wish to exaggerate. If I had lived in the time of war, no doubt I should have been the Duke of Wellington; but my lot being cast in peaceable times—for I was but five years old at the battle of Waterloo—I adapted myself to their form and pressure, and became the very intellectual mirror of the age in which I lived. Observing a decidedly humorous tendency in the public, and having heard it remarked that we were deficient as a nation in the true perception of humour, I resolved at once to relieve my country from the national reproach, and float myself on triumphant billows along the spring-tide of popular favour. A little study convinced me that all former definitions of wit were wrong, and without at the first caring to establish any theory of my own in

opposition, I at once betook myself to the most difficult part of all systems,—the practice.

I was at Drury Lane Theatre that memorable night on which a hat descended from the gallery into the pit, and found its way back again in the same manner, so admirably described by the authors of “Rejected Addresses.” As the owner

“regained the felt, and felt what he regained,”

some unknown gentleman in the pit, looking up with an inexpressible side-glancedness and still more inimitable tone of voice, uttered that unforgetten and un-to-be-forgotten *mot*, WHAT A SHOCKING BAD HAT! Had you seen indeed the napless, misshapen object, the remnant of black crape barely concealing the glazysurface of its exterior, while about a third of the rim hung in elastic contortions trembling on the outer binding, you would at once have acknowledged the truth and genius of this descriptive expression.

I had a presentiment of its future fame. In vain, after the play was over, did I endeavour to discover the author of this ingenious *gnomé*. I applied at all the police-offices; twice did I go to Hatton Garden; I even wrote to Belvoir; not a journeyman at Dando's or André's that I did not catechise; and laid up at last with my fatigues, I endeavoured to solve my difficulties with large doses of Castor-oil.

The authorship of Junius was not more eagerly investigated, or more successfully concealed. I consoled myself, however, with the determination to give those winged words an imperishable existence, and send them floating in golden letters down the boundless stream of immortality. But I am anticipating.

The words were still ringing in my ears, when proceeding westward on my way home, as I was passing along the Opera Colonnade, a soft, kid-gloved youth, who bore on his head one of those nondescript opera hats which have usurped the place of our fathers' Chapeau bras, emerged from one of the side doors of the Theatre. He was evidently unconscious of the unopened state of his beaver, which was shut up something in the shape of one of those paper boats which a child floats across his washing-tub, and was offering his arm to a delicate and pretty form enveloped in silk and ermine, when, musing on the adventure of the evening, I suddenly and unintentionally cried out with a self-enjoying chuckle, "Capital, capital! *What a shocking bad hat!*" His fair companion's eye, instantly directed towards his upper man, twinkled with fun at the ludicrous figure he unwittingly cut, and the crowd of footmen and hackney coachmen standing by responded to her laugh with more than an Irish echo. If I had a hundred tongues I could not describe the hubbub that ensued; how one stormed and another swore, and a third apologised, and what a very narrow escape I had of having my nose tweaked for my unpremeditated humour.

Before I quitted the Colonnade that night, the play-bill boys had adopted the ejaculation. I saw a most respectable old gentleman at the corner of the street take off his hat, which could not have been purchased a week, eye it by the lamp-light, and, replacing it on his head, walk off in mysterious meditation as to what all this could mean, and which probably puzzled him for the rest of the evening. Then for the first time flashed across me the full intelligence of the saying, and I dreamt of nothing all night but that I was a scarecrow floating on the ocean in search of the crown of my hat, which had

been knocked in during a row among the mermaids of a Christmas pantomime.

The next morning I was walking along Pall Mall in rather absent mood, when a little boy, pointing at me, very seriously remarked to his companion, "Look at that gentleman, *What a shocking bad hat !*" In a moment of forgetfulness I put up my hand to my head to see where the offence lay, when their roars of laughter recalled me to my senses, and my hand to my side. Oh ! had those little urchins known that it was Perillus they were roasting in his own bull, how much more heartily would they have applauded this practical illustration of the "*arte perire sua*"!

The town had now taken the joke. I felt that I had given the impetus and direction to the National Humour. A new tide of sentiment had now set in, which I felt conscious no efforts of antiquated wit or cold classicality could successfully stem. The Romantic school of wit was established. That I acquired some little self-elevation was no more than might be expected. Waverley himself was nothing to me. I heard the winged words repeated at every turn. I knew what was popularity. I felt what it was "to fly through the mouths of men." Nevertheless I strictly preserved my incognito, for I had observed the advantage of being a Great Unknown. Therefore, though I heard the words echoed back on every side, I was sparing in the use of them myself, yet on two or three occasions I could not avoid the irresistible impulse of my humour, and had the satisfaction of seeing it crowned with eminent success.

It would constantly occur to me in the "Society of Friends;" nor could I avoid its happy application to Figgins the grocer, a man remarkable for the drought of his Quakerism and the breadth of his brim. Truth

to tell, I believe the hatters gave a fillip—not to say edge—to the *saw*. Never was such sensitiveness felt about head-pieces before. Thin brown-papery hats,—cherished old ones, “blackish once, now brown,”—all that was quaint in cut or peculiar in colour—were discarded, and the vast variety of shapeless and shapeful hats gradually disappeared from the public head. It has been ascertained from the books of the Statistical Society, that within the bounds of the Metropolitan Police, three millions fourteen thousand and twenty-seven new hats were consumed in that year above the average number of the seven years preceding, let alone the tin ones of the street-sweepers, and the one-horse-shay one, which was then only building.

Let not posterity imagine that my lucky hit was confined to the gallery of Astley’s or the bar of the Ginpallace; it was heard as often in the circle of the King’s Theatre and the precincts of St. James’s. And never shall I forget the peal of laughter, beyond all power of suppression, that echoed on the grand staircase of — House, when Harry Montague cried out in all the inspiration of unconscious talent, as old Lady Wellsworth waddled up the staircase in a *beret*, worthy of the best fingers of Madame Devy, but sadly lopsidedly put on, “Defend me, ladies! *What a shocking bad hat!*”

I believe this was its first application to the female head-dress, and from this hint arose its pendant, “WHAT A SHOCKING BAD BONNET!” The transition may to the uninitiated appear easy, but it was in fact some time before it was made. The exertion of intellect in striking out a new phrase of fashion requires time to mature its power and weigh well its chances of success. A failure at this moment might have been fatal to me; but it was not in vain that I had scrutinized the public taste; and

having watched my moment when the "hat" was a little the worse for wear, and the popular mind craving for variety of expression, I launched the "bonnet." I was not deceived in my calculations. Though not so immediately successful as my first essay, nor perhaps of so long a run, its power was felt among all classes; and being appropriated to the female sex served to increase its influence.

The revolution on popular craniums was immense. Poke was commuted for Cottage, and Cottage for Gipsy. Chip was changed into Leghorn, and Leghorn into Tuscan; satin into silk, and silk into satin. St. George's and St. Giles's were equally reformed; and I do believe it was at this time that the "Chapeau de paille" turned into black beaver!

The popularity of a mode is not more brief than that of a *mot*. I foresaw that no time was to be lost. I had hitherto stamped the current phrases of the day with the die of my authority, and had as yet no intention of resigning my philological Mastership of the Mint.

The attention bestowed on the cultivation of the head doubtless in some measure forwarded the honour awarded to its coverings. I have no wish to claim to myself the exclusive merit of the popularity of these National idioms. I know that they were but a reflection of the People's feeling. Falling in with the sympathies of the Multitude, they were successful. True humour is not of the Few, still less is it the offspring of Didactic art; but scorns equally the dull tawdriness of Aristocratic pretension, and the crippling pedantry of the Schools. It was the glorious strides which the age was making in the march of intellect which led to this signalization of its empty head-pieces, and the British lion roared down the skulls of her oligarchs under the cover of *shocking bad hats!*

But at this moment a change came over the hearts of the English nation. There was a new spirit abroad upon the elements. The calm expanse of intellectual serenity was suddenly overcast, and the mystic flash of a more fiery genius burst from the thunder-cloud. SWING issued his Agrarian laws; and while the barns, and stacks, and indignation of our yeomen were waxing hot, the public humour, like Semele conceiving in the very flames, caught the reflection; and thoughts that could scarcely breathe, gave birth to words that burn, in "FLARE UP!"

These ominous words, like the Fiery Cross of old, quickly glanced round the world of humour, and each who received the Symbol sent it forward with equal dispatch to his nearest neighbour. Sanctioned by the credentials of a suffering people, the phrase gained an audience in the kingly palace, and is even said to have been acknowledged by the lips of royalty itself.

Again, then, I found myself as successful as before. The new creation triumphed by the same virtue as its predecessors—its universal propriety of application. Did the Duchess of —— give a déjeuné of more than ordinary display?—Were Lady ——'s brilliants more bright than ever?—Did Sir Robert outshine himself?—Did an —— Secretary make an exposé of his colleagues?—Did Mr. —— make an exposé of his wife?—Was Lady —— wrath?—was Lord —— witty?—On each and every occasion it was a FLARE UP!

The meteor blazed long and bright. A desideratum in the English language had been filled up; and the Society of Literature would have voted a crown of laurel—or of silver,—if they could have found the author to place it on his pow or pocket.

Why then am I doomed to be chief mourner over the

grave of my own bantlings? Why, swan-like, must I sing my own decline?—or rather, why should I not proclaim how, phoenix-like, (I love ornithological similes, 'specially when they're new,) out of the ashes of this fiery phrase rose a newer and a greener creation?

Human nature loves change; it loves extremes. I saw the philosophy of the thing, and I girded myself to enact it. While the public pulse was bubbling and boiling, surrounded as it had been, scorpion-like, with fire, I plunged it at once into the cool and crystal stream of sentiment, and the fevered tongue forthwith began "to babble of green fields." It was a transition from fire to water—from flaming wrath to tearful melancholy—from the pine torch to the willow wreath, and that too intertwining "ALL ROUND MY HAT."

Here was the Pastoral school of Atopology. Somewhat to be sure out of its natural position; but why should the rules of Poetry affect the vagaries of Wit? To facilitate its introduction, I dropped the willow, but preserved its locality, and by a certain curious felicity, and a just appreciation of the value of the association of ideas, connected the new phraseology with the public's first-love, by restoring its most prominent feature. Who could now think of the "*willow round his hat*," without reflecting also whether or not that article was a "*shocking bad one*"?

If I must tell the truth, the sympathy of the Few did not go hand in hand with that of the Many on this occasion. Whether it was that their indignation at the progress of Reform about this time severed the tie which had heretofore bound together the hearts, aristocratic and democratic, I cannot tell,—but such I am in conscience forced to allow was the fact. Yet still at Ascot and at Epsom, where the gloved yet shrinking hand of the oligarch comes in touch direct and grapple strong

with the unwashed palm of the multitude, many a fair occupant of a coroneted carriage listened with attentive ear and laughing eye to the sallies flying "*all round the hat*" of a Paget or a D'Orsay.

The storehouse of humour now seemed exhausted. Men's minds were turned to the struggles and convulsions of the body politic, and the pretensions of literature and wit are ever drowned in the cries of struggling liberty. If the national watchword was "The Bill, the whole Bill—and *nothing but the Bill*," how could even the virtues of Atopology find a corner in the public mouth? The humour of the nation was absorbed by the vigorous seton of Reform, and so Radical was the cure, that it seemed at one time doubtful if the symptom would ever return. In the mean time a vast change passed over the heart as well as the institutions of Britain. An amalgamation of the high and the low into one great miscellaneous mass had rapidly advanced, and those mighty gnomæ which had now become "household and familiar words" had in a great measure tended to create this community of feeling. But the shake, though a healthy, was a terrible one, and John Bull, when first roused from his delirium, was but half conscious of his identity; he rubbed his eyes, and feeling his renovated strength and new guise, as he saw himself represented in the reformed Mirror of Parliament, burst out into the exclamation WHO ARE YOU?

This was the mighty offspring of that great Intellectual calm and Political convulsion. When I am asked what are the fruits of the Reform Bill—I answer, *Who are you?* This is the triumph of the Socratic mode of argument. This the true and clenching "*argumentum ad hominem*," not to say "*ad absurdum*." I defy the man to answer the question satisfactorily, and at the same time to advance his own position. This is something more than

wit ; it is eloquence ; eloquence if not unanswerable, generally at least unanswered. Reader ! *who are you ?*

I considered that I had now crowned my triumph. I had seized on the three great periods of Intellectual, Prædial, and Political agitation, (to omit the transition epochs,) and given to each a local habitation in the everyday words of life. I had created a new school of wit, and was content to retire the Patriarch of Atopology.

But my life was preserved to witness the more perfect and brilliant development of my system in a way I little expected. It is no less true than extraordinary, that the great and leading minds of the human race, of the same genius and calibre, have often existed at the same time, though in countries never so remote. Thus we have as cotemporaries, if not of the day yet of the age, Alfred, Charlemagne, and Haroun-Al-Rashid ;—we have Tasso, Shakspeare, and Camoens ;—we have Kepler and Galileo ;—but why should I multiply examples further ?

Had I remembered this phenomenon, I should have been less astonished than I was at hearing that there was wafting across the Atlantic a genius not less exquisitely humorous and universally popular than myself. Report however waxed clearer and bolder. I could no longer disbelieve. With a generous sympathy for a brother wit I flew down to Liverpool ; I went to the Docks ; I boarded the ship with the custom-house officers ; my prophetic eye marked out the man ; I pushed aside the captain and the mates, and with true Masonic spirit greeted the stranger. *WHO ARE YOU ?*—For once I received an answer. I shall never forget the conscious dignity with which he answered,—*JIM CROW !*

I have since seen the man on the stage. The Atopic Roscius, the Garrick of the multitude, has stood revealed before me. A more perfect and practical illustration of

my system I never beheld. Overthrowing at one bold *turn-about* the dictum of ages, "ex nihilo nihil fit," he creates laughter out of inanity, and enthusiasm out of nothing.

I have now lived long enough. I have overthrown all established notions of wit. I have called into existence a new and living humour. If indeed wit consists in the unexpected juxtaposition of ideas which have apparently nothing in common, then has my system been successful from being founded on this great principle; if brevity be the soul of wit, who has caught more of its spiritual essence than I? But I would rather pride myself in having brought "the passionate and hearty populace, the ornate and fastidious nobles, upon a common ground of enjoyment and delight*." I have acted upon the broad and fundamental basis that literary celebrity is not to be founded upon the whisper of a Coterie, the diploma of an Academy, or the dictum of a Critic, but upon the coarse though healthful breath of the onion-eating Many. Strike but upon the chord of the national heart, and mark how coronets and aigrettes follow! These golden phrases that I have given my little aid to circulate are no coinage of the Clubs, but the spontaneous symbols of the Free-masonry of human nature. They are not words

" Only to be spoken on holidays

" When one has nothing else to do,"

but glib, terse, and homely street-words,—working-day sayings,—which own no other festival than St. Monday. Talk to the mouldy antiquary, of Chaucer: to the luxurious and clerkly student, of Shakspeare: to the courtly villain, of Rochester and Buckingham: to the dainty fribble, of Addison or Pope: give me the mother-wit, the nervous, no-meaning wisdom of the Crowd.

* See Edin. Rev. *passim*.

If I have been the mighty Coryphæus of the people's comic drama, I take no credit to myself on that account ; I was but the one great mouthpiece through which the Many-headed by their million tongues gave utterance. It will be enough for me if I am remembered but as the historian of those deathless sayings which will outlive Time,—if I shall be allowed to have nurtured their struggling infancy,—to have hailed their triumphant ascendancy—to have registered their “decline and fall.”

Let none henceforth view the Atopic vocabulary as senseless jargon or maudlin slang. The Nonsense-words of high life speak only to the favoured few, and never condescend to be amplified by the broad brogue of the vulgar ; but these penetrating words, proceeding from the majesty of the people, as they contain in themselves the essence of the Sublime and the True, have forced themselves from the beer-shop to the boudoir, and become familiarized in the daintiest lisplings of aristocratic lips. Long may England's proudest daughters thus hold sympathy with the people !

Let, I say then, the theory of the Popular Absurd be fairly studied. If old, let it be recognised in the great masters of antiquity ; if new, let England claim the credit of the discovery, or at least of its universal adoption. Let me be hailed as the Father of Jim-Crowism, and this hasty sketch as the Editio Princeps of the rudiments of the art.

Consider how excellent its uses ! Observe how the same principle runs through its varied expressions ;—how mysteriously obscure ;—how subtilely concealed, yet how true to nature lies its ironic wit ! How free and unconstrained in its application, how extemporaneous, how self-taught ! What studied retort and laborious repartee is hereby saved ! By it how many an inquisitor may be posed, and bore flabberghasted !

And ye who would view it in action, haste ere it be yet too late to see it embodied in the dramatic genius of Jim Crow. If, in the words of Hamlet, "to suit the action to the word, and to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, and the very age and spirit of the time, its form and pressure,"—if this be "the purpose of playing," then has the Histronic art been never known till now.

I have seen crowded theatres in convulsions from gallery to pit; and though from me, so intense were my feelings, it wrung no laughter loud, yet have I smiled to see the sterling intellect of my countrymen expire at that humour which in other than English hearts would not have waked the faintest echo. And I have gone home and wept over that scene.

There be those that admire what there was in the simple Doric lay which could work such wonders upon Spartan breasts; some have doubted the obstetric effects of the "Furies" of Æschylus,—the acquittal of Sophocles,—and the triumphs of Menander. Who then can tell but that the day may come when the genius of Jim-Crowism may be disregarded, its influence doubted, and its popularity disbelieved? Convinced of its virtue, we will not imitate the cautious judge who warns the criminal lest he say aught to his own detriment, but close our defence by calling on the arraigned to stand confessed in native innocence, and 'speak for itself.'

I come from ole Kentucky,
 A long time ago,
 Where I first larn to wheel about
 And jump Jim Crow.
 Wheel a-bout, and turn a-bout, and do jisso,
 Eb-ry time I wheel about,
 I jump Jim Crow. *Da Capo.*

CHARLES THE FIRST.

It was an old and stately Hall—a Hall of other days :—
Where thousands still on thousands throng'd to listen and to
gaze ;—

But eye was none to mark the grace that noontide's ray had
shed

O'er scroll, and crest, and banner'd wall, that spake of En-
gland's dead ;

And ear was none, but for one alone, whose deep firm accents
told

Of a noble Soul in trial's hour, by its Innocence made bold !

It was a form that none could mark, and turn unmov'd away,
That stood alone in its utmost need amid that vast array :

And Woman's grief was gushing fast—and Manhood's cheek
was wet

With tears that told how impotent had Sorrow been as yet :
Quail'd in that hour the Judge's pride, and down his eye was
bent

Before the calm undaunted glance of that pleader eloquent !

" I stoop not here," the Captive said, " to sue for Traitors' grace ;
I scorn to bow a vassal-knee to a rebel's pride of place !

The hands that plac'd upon my brow a gallant Kingdom's crown
May tear it from that brow again, but I will not lay it down !

To no tribunal thus array'd I kneel to be forgiv'n,
I brook no Judge but one alone,—and that is God in Heav'n !"

He ceas'd ;—and o'er that lordly hall such deep dead silence fell
As heralds forth the Thunder-crash, in its stillness terrible !

Then might you mark the gloomy scowl of Bradshaw's bigot
eye,

The calm cold sneer on Cromwell's lip, that man of mockery !
Then woke, in murmurs stern and low, too plainly understood,
The knell of Hope to loyal breasts, the demon cry for blood !

* * * * *

" Now what may mean this mighty throng that gathereth far
and wide ?

What merry festival is here ? what show of pomp and pride ?"

"Stranger! we are not hurrying to festal hall or bower,
All eloquent with Music's spell or Beauty's tones of power;
We haste to mark no common sight—how a Monarch yields
his breath.

On, on! no time to loiter now! the show we seek is Death!"

* * * * *

And calmly, proudly, came he forth;—all vainly sought ye there
For quiv'ring lip, or troubled eye, or terror's horrent hair:
Serene as when in courtly hall he bore him aye the best,
With nought that to a foe could speak of a Spirit ill at rest;
Save when the glance they could not quell one instant turn'd
on high

To Heav'n in voiceless orison.—So pass'd he on to die!

His step was on the scaffold-stair, his hand was on the steel;
Then woke the smile of holy Joy the guilty may not feel!

Then spoke the Faith from worldly toils that panteth to be free,
The high sustaining hope in Death, the Christian's majesty!

"An earthly crown, unstable boon! is passing fast away,
For one Corruption cannot touch—that mocketh at Decay!"

* * * * *

"Strike!"—'twas a low still voice that spake, yet it thrill'd
through heart and brain,

As nought, to those who heard its tone, might ever thrill again.
Was none amid that throng so bold but shudder'd as it came;
Was none might bend a steadfast gaze upon that scene of shame.

"Strike!"—and ere yet the accents died, a weary life was o'er!
England had one good Son the less,—Heav'n had one Angel
more!

K.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

THE original, as the reader will observe, is in rhythm, not rhyme. The translator has ventured in some degree upon the same experiment.

Don Alonzo Perez Guzmann der Getreue.

“Don Alonzo! Don Alonzo!
 Schau’ herunter von den Zinnen;
 Und dann sag’ uns, ob du endlich
 Willst Tarifa übergeben?”

Auf die Zinnen tritt der alte
 Don Alonzo Perez Guzmann;
 Sieht gefangen von den Mähren
 Seinen Sohn den Erstgeborenen,
 Der sein Trost in seinem Alter
 Und das Licht ist seiner Augen,
 Und der Spiegel seiner Jugend
 Und die Ehre seines Stammes;
 Sieht die Schwerter schon erheben,
 Hört den Hohn der frechen Heiden:
 “Willst du tauschen, Don Alonzo?
 Für das Leben deines Sohnes
 Uns Tarifa übergeben,
 Oder lieber bleich und blutig
 Sehn sein Haupt auf unsern Speissen?”

Schweigend hört’s der alte Vater,
 Sieht gen Himmel starr und stumm;
 Reißt sein eignes, tapfres Schwert dann
 Aus der Scheide, wirft’s hinunter.
 Zu den Hefnern seines Sohnes!
 “Meinem Gott und meinem König
 Opfert ihn mit meinem Schwerte!”

Mit der Linken faßt er zitternd
 Seinen Bart, den silberweißen;
 Lehnt die Stirne an der Mauer—
 Bis der Heiden lauter Jubel
 Ihn verkündet, daß im Blute
 Seines Sohnes Haupt jetzt rollet—
 Und Tarifa ist gerettet!

Darum wird auf ew’ge Zeiten
 Don Alonzo Perez Guzmann
 Zubenamer: der Getreue.

Herder.

DON ALONZO PEREZ GUZMAN THE TRUE.

“ Don Alonzo ! Don Alonzo !

Forth come on thy city wall ;

Wilt thou yield to us Tarifa ?

Quickly answer, once for all.”

On the wall steps forth the aged

Don Alonzo Perez Guzman ;

In the Moorish host a captive

Sees his first-born, dearest offspring,

Him, his age’s hoped-for comfort,

To his eyes the light of gladness,

Image of his youth reflected,

Of his noble race supporter,

Sees the swords already waving,

Hears the villain heathen raving ;

“ For thy son’s life, Don Alonzo,

Wilt thou yield to us Tarifa,

Or his head see pale and bloody,

Now upon our lances quiver ?”

Silent hears the aged father,

Looks to heaven, yet speaks no word,

Draws, and throws his well-tried sword

To the murderous foe beneath him !

“ By this, to my God and king,

Let him fall an offering !”

With his left hand seized he trembling

On his silver-whitened beard,

Pressed against the wall his forehead,

Till the heathen’s shout he heard,

Him announcing, that dissevered,

In its gore his son’s head quivered,

And Tarifa is delivered !

Therefore is, all ages through,

Don Alonzo Perez Guzman

Ever thence surnamed THE TRUE.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

WHILE Proprietary Schools are filling pages with advertisements, while our new Metropolitan Universities are drawing attention to the peculiar excellence of their respective plans, we, the Public Schools, beg modestly to remind the world of our existence, and to explain the advantages of a system which has been tried by the severe test of experience.

"Semper ego auditor tantum?"

Shall every practicable and impracticable plan of education find its proper champion in the lists of literature, and shall we not dare to break a lance in defence of our *Domus*? No! We, albeit an unworthy champion, will prepare to do our devoir as a true knight, and our *Ladie of Chartreuse* defend the right. If we have not knightly prowess, we have at least knightly devotion; and, fortunately, the cause for which we put lance in rest is too intrinsically good to be periled by our unworthiness. But seriously, as having a peculiar and individual interest, we claim the indulgence of our readers while we say a few words on the subject of Public Schools.

The author of *Pelham* has stated* what he conceives to be the leading defects of Public Schools: we propose to examine whether his objections be founded in fact, deriving our arguments from what we know of Public Schools in general, and our own in particular.

But first of all as to the relative value of a classical and scientific education, as that will involve some of the principal points of dispute. The objects of all instruction appear to be, first, the salutary and beneficial exercise of the various powers of the intellect and imagina-

* England and the English: Sect. Education of the higher class.

tion ; secondly, the formation of a correct taste, which will be, to a certain extent, a consequence of the first ; and, thirdly, the storing the memory with facts that may be necessary for the future pursuits of the learner, as well as that higher kind of knowledge that may guard from error and afford data and incentive for future reflection.

Now we believe it is universally admitted that the study of languages is the best possible means for training and developing the mind. But the generic similarity of modern languages, the frequent correspondence of idiom, and the recurrence of phrases that defy all the ingenuity of the critic to reduce to analogy, in a great measure repels philological inquiry. The superficial manner, too, in which they are taught, and which our objectors recommend, renders the acquiring them an exercise rather of memory than intellect. In the dead languages, which are the parents of all modern dialects, every expression is reducible to the few simple rules of construction ; the stream of language has not as yet wandered so far, but that by research and patient investigation it may be traced to its fountain head. Thus, then, the study of the dead languages, though but a means to an end, is still of most important influence in exercising the mind and fostering a spirit of inquiry. And this alone will be an answer to the objection, that the advantage gained is not proportionate to the labour employed, since the labour itself answers all the most desirable purposes of education.

But after all, the most definite and tangible object will be the formation of a correct taste, as being that over which cultivation has most control. Taste is produced by the operation of the reasoning powers on the objects presented by the actual or intellectual vision ;

the former analysing, comparing, and combining the impressions produced by the latter. It becomes necessary, therefore, that the most chaste models should be constantly presented, while the reason should be exercised, that it may be able to examine its own sensations, and reduce to some degree of order and classification the images presented by the involuntary perceptions. It will be said, Are there not in our own language models of every species of excellence, and why have recourse to the stores of a forgotten tongue? We may ask in return, Why, in the case of the architect and the sculptor, are the relics of ancient art the grammar by which he studies, and the standard by which his success is tested? We do not deny that each of the separate excellences of ancient literature have been equalled, if not surpassed, by individual writers of modern times; but there is not that concentration of mind, that careful and elaborated accuracy, and, above all, that stern and chaste severity of design and execution, which render the works of the ancients invaluable as models for imitation. Again, the difference in the train of thought, as in the form of expression, between ancient and modern times, invites, and to a certain extent compels, a close examination into the ideas themselves; and those beauties are more fully appreciated which are not discovered without some degree of difficulty. This habitual intercourse, this constant analysis of the master-minds of antiquity, cannot fail to produce that taste which softens without enervating, elevates without inflating, and smooths down asperities of temper without weakening force of character. This inherent refinement expresses itself in every action, and mainly produces that high and polished tone of manners which is the chief charm of educated society.

Neither of these effects, particularly the latter, appear

to be equally produced by the study of the physical sciences. The practical utility of a knowledge of the classics will better appear as we proceed to examine Mr. Bulwer's objections in detail.

Passing over his remarks on school connexions, which are irrelevant to the general bearings of the subject, we come to a complaint that learning by heart and the composition of Greek and Latin verse are the chief occupations at a public school. Now this is not the case, as these two branches occupy but a subsidiary place in the routine of school studies; and when no more than due importance is attached to them, no one can deny their utility and advantage. The former is necessary and useful as an employment for the memory; and though to Mr. Bulwer "knack" may seem a fitting term by which to designate the power of versification, we can assure him that the habit of metrical composition answers the double purpose of giving a practical acquaintance with the hidden treasures of the language, and calling into play the highest powers of the imagination. In proof whereof we recommend him and our readers to the *Charterhouse Prize Poems*. Besides, exercises in verse are varied with at least an equal number of prose compositions in English, Greek, and Latin; and as to the advantage of this, no one has ever, we believe, attempted to dispute. But our author objects to these two branches because they are superficial, and goes on to observe that nothing solid is taught, nor a desire for anything solid inculcated. Assuredly there is no solidity in the profound reflection, the searching knowledge of human nature and political science evinced in every page of *Thucydides*; no solidity in the deep philosophy, just morality, or burning eloquence of *Cicero*! Are the contemplative *Plato*, and the acute and penetrating *Tacitus*, to

be classed with the tribe of light writers and shallow thinkers? We have heard the study of the classics objected to on the ground that the advantage gained was not commensurate with the labour bestowed. We have known young ladies exceedingly angry with brothers for poring over those musty old books that nobody can understand ; but this is certainly the first time that we ever heard them charged with being superficial. If there is no solidity in a knowledge of Latin and Greek, we shall despair of finding it anywhere.

We now come to an observation which we are surprised that a person of Mr. Bulwer's discrimination should have been tempted to make ; namely, that a knowledge of the English language and acquaintance with English authors is neglected. If we were desired to point out the branch of knowledge that a person could least fail of obtaining at a public school, we should unhesitatingly say a thorough and complete acquaintance with his mother tongue. Every one who has the least pretension to scholarship must be aware that to render the spirit of nearly any author of antiquity requires an almost unlimited command over the stores of the English language and the niceties of its idioms.

Habitual translation, then, of classic authors, combined with exercises in English writing of all sorts and characters, from the historical abstract to the moral essay, cannot fail to give facility of expression, and to teach the mechanical part at least of composition. The best authors in divinity and history are required to be read, and every facility of access given to writers of imagination. Those who have taste and poetical feeling will find no difficulty in gratifying them ; and to those who have not, the compulsory reading of the finest works in the world would bring no advantage.

The next objection, that Divinity is not taught, is almost equally unfounded. It is a study to which the greatest importance is attached, and which is most particularly insisted upon. It is well known that at the Universities the greatest stress is laid upon it, and the least weakness in it materially diminishes a person's chance of honours. Now as nine tenths of the men who take honours are from the public schools, it is but fair to conclude that they are well grounded in theological learning at these institutions.

The charges that Latin and Greek are superficially taught are a mere assertion. Take a public-school man and one educated by a private tutor in the way Mr. Bulwer so much admires, and put them on in an author which neither had read, and we would stake our existence on the public-school man.

We have in these remarks confined ourselves entirely to Classics, because Mathematics, though they are now generally and almost universally taught and insisted on, were till within a few years disgracefully neglected.

And now, having said thus much on our system of education, we beg leave to make a few remarks on our social constitution.

Much pseudo-philanthropy and sensibility has been wasted on the system of Fagging. The fact is, if anybody will but dispassionately consider the subject, he will see that fagging (or at least the *thing*, call it by what name you please,) must exist in any large collection of boys. At a large school there is exactly the same dependence of the younger on the elder, that there is of the subordinate to the superior rank in the world at large. But in the present instance there is this distinguishing feature, that the aristocracy of a Public School is actually superior in age, power of mind, and acquirements, to the democracy it

controls. Not the most fanatic advocate of the rights of man can deny that the youth just entering on the verge of manhood, has a real moral ascendancy over the little urchin only just emancipated from the nursery. The younger is anxious to obtain the protection of some one to defend him from oppression and help him in his difficulties; the patron, on the other hand, requires certain services, at the worst irksome, and generally rather sought than avoided by those who perform them. Such being the natural connexion between the two orders, it is manifestly much to the interest of both parties, that the authority of the one over the other should be recognised and defined by the heads of the school. The fag obeys cheerfully, without feeling that sense of hardship and injustice, which is so bitter to a boy of high spirit; the master is not obliged to use violence to enforce submission. All bodies whose rights are not distinctly defined are invariably the most tenacious of what they conceive to be their privileges, and the most oppressive and exacting towards their inferiors. In support of which it may be observed, (and this is a fact which we defy our adversaries to gainsay,) that wherever fagging has been discountenanced and forbidden by the masters of any Public School, bullying, tyranny, and oppression have increased tenfold.

A boy entering into a Public School will always find equals, generally superiors; he will learn the duty of subordination, and the necessity of discretion and self-dependence to save him from ridicule and mortification. He is no longer the petted darling of his parents, but becomes a unit of a community, and for the first time learns his real and actual importance. He now finds that he must curb his tongue and his passions, or suffer for their licence; he must conform to public opinion,

which there, in its narrow sphere, exerts as powerful an influence as society does over its maturer members. Now it is this public opinion that forms the peculiar characteristic of a Public School, and is not and cannot be understood by any who have not had practical experience of its operations. Public-school spirit is a thing of itself, separate and distinct from any other code of morals whatever: it is based on the principles of honour; its distinguishing feature is a horror of anything low. It certainly allows some little latitude, and occasionally leads to results not exactly consonant with stricter ethics; but this generally arises from an instinctive abhorrence of anything approaching to cant. It is a broad and expansive principle; and if it does sometimes applaud where daring and courage or great talent has been displayed, when perhaps severer moralists might condemn both end and means together, still it does tend to elevate the mind and inspire it with an ambition for what is noble. Above all, it forms the character of the English gentleman. We do not mean to set up this spirit as an infallible standard of right; we do not mean to deny that, like the chivalric feeling of old, it has its faults; but we do say, that with all its faults (and we had almost said *for* its faults) we admire it, we love it. And we say this the more—because we fear that utilitarianism will soon quench every spark of poetical feeling, and bind down every free and high thought to its hard, dry, mathematical rules.

We hope these remarks will not be considered to have been written in a narrow or cavilling spirit. Experiencing as we do the advantages of education, it would be wrong indeed if we were not anxious to promote its diffusion in whatever form. But while we drink "Success to Knowledge!" we must be permitted to add, "Confusion to Cant!"

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER SON GOING
TO BATTLE.

AWAY, away, my best belov'd ! I would not have thee stay,
When Honour calls thee forth to tread her bright yet dang'rous
way.

Away, away ! I could not bear to think that love for me
One moment kept thee from the post where duty bids thee be.

Thou art marching to the battle-field, my beautiful ! my brave !
And thy mother's bursting heart forbodes, that it will be thy
grave.

Yet go, unfurl our house's ancient banner to the wind,
And take with thee the tears and pray'rs of those thou leav'st
behind.

Farewell to thee, my best belov'd ! we ne'er shall meet again,
Except it be when thou art stretch'd among the bloody slain :
Thy father's shade will smile on thee, if thou should'st nobly die,
But proudly will he spurn thee, boy, if thy back is turn'd to fly !

Go, go ! thy noble sire was brave ! Go ! emulate his fame !
Bethink thee that thy race hath borne an aye-unblemish'd name.
Still be that name upheld by thee : thou wear'st thy father's
sword,

Unsheath it now, and through the ranks give forth thy battle-
word !

Farewell ! and ere tomorrow's dawn, when far away thou'lt be,
Full many an anxious vow, my son, shall rise to heav'n for thee.
Oh ! could thy mother's pray'rs defend, how strong would be
thy shield !

The god of battles guard my child !—Now forward to the field ! ”

N.

MYTHOLOGICS.—No. 3.

THE VISIT TO HADES.

"I WONDER how Pluto gets on in his new line of life:" said Jupiter one fine morning, as he sat discussing his second egg and his corresponding cup of Kalopino, (nothing so vulgar as Tea was ever patronized in Olympus:) "we have not seen anything of him up here since his marriage."

"Oh!" said Mars contemptuously, "they say he's become quite domesticated, and sits in the chimney corner with his wife, and winds silk, and reads Poetry, and all that sort of thing."

"I wish some other people would profit by his example," muttered Juno loud enough to be heard by her spouse. Jupiter was observed to apply his forefinger to the extremity of his nose,—doubtless for the purpose of scratching it.

"I tell you what it is," said Neptune as he stalked in dripping like a pickpocket just escaped from a horse-pond; "I'm bless'd if I stand this any longer! There's those land-lubbers down in Pluto's place kicking up such a devil of a dust below decks, that it's quite intolerable! Everybody knows I aint over particular, but really I couldn't get a single wink of sleep all last night; and there's my poor little Triton so frightened that he hasn't been able to raise his wind yet, or else you'd have heard his music long before you saw *me*, I warrant you."

"Venerable Uncle," said Minerva, who was in one of her most literary humours, "the peculiarity of your submarine idiom is totally unintelligible to my auricular organs."

"Like enough," returned Neptune with a grunt: "I haven't seen the schoolmaster you've sent abroad yet: precious good job for him, I guess:—for I've got an old tame seal at home that eats nothing but fools, and he hasn't had one this three months. Why there was a big Whale came to me the other day, and told me to my face that he was 'enlightened', (I think he called it,) and *blow* him if he hadn't got as much right to govern as I had!"

"Well, well, don't quarrel about it," interrupted Jupiter. "Now then, who's for a trip with me down below? Hercules, you've been before, so I shall press you into the service to show us the way."

"I wish I could spare time," said Neptune; "but that scoundrel has made all my subjects so riotous, that if I were to stay away a whole day, there'd be a regular rebellion by the time I got back."

"I'll go," said Mercury.

"And I," said Bacchus, who was very busy about the cellaret, which he said wanted looking to.

Vulcan was very sorry he was obliged to attend to his business, as his foreman Polyphemus was confined to his bed, with his eye out. Venus looked across the table at Mars; and Mars, who was notorious for the acuteness of his memory, immediately recollected an unlucky pre-engagement which deprived him of the pleasure of joining the expedition. Apollo also declined, alleging that he never gave up his box-seat to anybody since the little unpleasant occurrence which happened to Phaeton some time back.

("Are there any women down there?" said Juno apart to Minerva. "None that I know of," replied the latter, "except three amiable young friends of mine, with eyes like saucers and hair like serpents, and three unfortunate

Factory Girls that do nothing but spin from morning till night, and from night again till morning." Juno looked considerably relieved, but even yet not thoroughly satisfied.)

So the quartet, wrapped up closely in pea-jackets and fur gloves, and looking as much like bears as they well could, set out on their voyage of discovery.

"I say," said Mercury to Hercules, with an accompanying dig in the ribs, when they were comfortably seated in Charon's wherry, "why is this river that we are crossing like glue?"

"I wish you would not bother *me* with your eternal conundrums; how should *I* know?" said Hercules, as surly as a bear with a sore head.

"Because it's Styx*, to be sure, you dullard," chuckled Mercury. Jove laughed till his side ached, and Bacchus till his throat felt dry, an affliction to which he was extremely subject, but which was seldom of very long duration, as he generally carried an antidote in his pocket.

"Old Charon's growing foolish; he forgot to ask for his fare," said Hercules, as they walked towards Pluto's residence.

"I suppose that fellow with the big walking-stick thought I did not know him again," grumbled Charon to himself; "just as if I don't recollect his ugly face when he was here before, and threatened to break my head when I asked him to fork out for his passage. I'd give sixpence, that I would, to see Cerberus jump out and bite him;" and he put off to take in a fresh consignment of ghosts.

"Why, Pluto!" said Jupiter, as they entered the study where that Deity sat ruminating before the fire with a

• ["It sticks."—PRINTER'S DEVIL.]

foot on each hob, "what on Earth is the matter with you? why you look as thin as your thumb-nail!"

"Matter enough," said Pluto in a dismal tone; "come and see:" and he rose and led the way towards his back door, which opened into the very heart of Hades. There was a crowd round them in an instant.

"No Water!" screamed the fifty daughters of Danaus, whose well-tinted noses fully testified the sincerity of their wish.

("Stick to that," said Bacchus, half aloud, "it's the first word of sense I've heard since here I've been.")

"No Wheels!" shouted Ixion, as he imitated the sails of a windmill.

"No Factories!" said the three Fates, brandishing their shuttles.

"No Humbug!" roared Tantalus, making an ineffectual grab at an apple.

"No Vulture!" bellowed Tityus, whose liver was like a recurring Decimal—as soon as it ended it began again.

"No Proserpine!" yelled the Furies, who had been Pluto's housekeepers till she dispossessed them.

"No Nothing!" groaned Sisyphus, echoed by a whole chorus of Titans and Giants in the distance.

"Bow, wow, wow!" howled Cerberus.

"Well," said Pluto, "what may be your opinion of this?"

Jupiter was about to inform him, when his utterance was unexpectedly choked by a rotten egg, flung with such nicety of precision that it passed between his lips at the very moment when he opened them to speak. This was not to be endured; so Hercules was obliged to lay hold of his club, and swipe away right and left to restore order, which he did in some degree by the time that Jove, after five minutes of what Mercury called 'hawk-

ing without licence', had succeeded in somewhat clearing his throat.

"What a fool I was to come without a thunderbolt!" said he as soon as he could speak. "Mercury, my good fellow, just run back and fetch a bundle, will you, while I keep these fellows in play? Juno can tell you in which drawer to find them."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Mercury, who dreaded nothing more than a renewal of the rotten eggs.

"Now then, good people, what have you got to complain about?" said Jupiter. "Will you have the kindness to state your grievances first, madam?"

"Well, our complaints is just this," said the eldest of the Danaides, who was as ignorant and as riotous as a Kilkenny Irishman in the nineteenth century; "we wants to know why *we*, as never drinks water, should be compelled to keep draw, draw, draw, all day long for the advantage of them as does: just be so good as to tell us that, old gentleman, will you?"

"Well, sir, and what have *you* got to grumble about?" said Jupiter, turning to Ixion, who stood (or rather revolved) next.

"Why," replied that worthy, who was the chief pun-monger of Hades, "I think it's uncommonly hard, that, ever since I've been in this place, your Deputy there (pointing to Pluto) has been doing nothing but turning my *weal* to woe."

"Well," said Jove, who was taken with the fellow's coolness, "yours does certainly appear rather a hard case. What was he committed for, Pluto?"

"Ask your wife," said Pluto, hard up for a reply.

"Oh! aye, I recollect," said Jupiter with a sigh: "I wonder, sir, that, while stained with the guilt of a deed of such tremendous dye, you can venture to request or

even to dream of a remission of your punishment! I wish to heaven he had carried her off altogether while he was about it," added he aside to Bacchus.

"I believe you," replied the jolly god.—"Hurrah! here comes Mercury with the Crackers!"

"Now then," said Jupiter, picking out the largest of the lot, "will you have the kindness to disperse to your respective occupations before I am compelled to create any little disagreeable sensations among you with this—"

He had no need to conclude. Sisyphus's stone was rolling up hill in less than no time; the water-buckets were in active operation; and the three Fates spun longer yarns than ever.

"I'll leave you this bundle in case they should break out again," said Jupiter, handing them to Pluto: "and now, tell me, what visitors have you had here lately?"

"Oh! not many," said Pluto; "I've had enough of those beggarly foreigners of old; they only come to grab all they can lay their paws upon. I have only had one this long time past, and he was a philosopher and a philanthropist, and had a recommendation from my niece Minerva, so I couldn't well keep him out."

"I thought so," said Jupiter: "well, what did he do when he got in?"

"Oh! he preached for my Chaplain one Sunday," replied Pluto, "and ever since there's been nothing but grumbling and growling."

"Of course," said his brother, "but you kicked him out, didn't you?"

"Why, no," said Pluto, "the rascal bolted before I could catch sight of him; but he shall have a warmer reception next time he pokes his nose in here, I promise him."

"Well," said Jupiter, "the Scoundrel's done you, and

he's done Neptune, and I suspect if I don't look sharp he'll be after trying to do *me* next; so good morning to you, Pluto, and take care of yourself:" and after drinking a glass of Phlegethon apiece to keep the cold out on their journey, the four companions departed for Olympus.

"I tell you what, Pallas," said her Sire as he entered, "you must give up your protégé, for he shan't come in here, that's flat."

"Nobody asked you to let him," said his daughter in a pet; "I intend to send him upon Earth next."

"He won't take at Athens," said Bacchus; "they're too clever for him there already."

Minerva was in too great a rage to reply, so she caught hold of Ganymede's best Broom, and flew down to Sparta to clear a sufficient space for her favourite's residence.

"What's Sister Pal. after at Malæa?" said Apollo, when he came in in the evening; "she's been sweeping and building there all day long like fury."

"Let's go and see how she gets on," said Jove, "and I'll tell you all about it on the road:" so down they went.

When they arrived, the house was nearly built; and a queer-looking unfinished kind of a place it was: all the rubbish that had been swept away lay heaped up in a corner hard by, and its odour tended not a little to increase the general admiration of the undertaking.

"Swell place this of yours, Pallas," said Mercury, "only it wants a finer name."

"Suppose we call it Stinko-Malæa," said Apollo, holding his nose.

And it is called so to this very day.

K.

MYTHOLOGICS.—No. 4.

THE HUE AND CRY.

“WHAT have you got there, Mars?” said Jupiter to that Deity, as he met him with a large newspaper in his hand, which he appeared as if just about to open.

“Paper,” replied Mars, with a most warrior-like conciseness.

“Thank’ye for nothing,” returned Jupiter, “I can see that for myself; but what d’ye call the thing? I didn’t know we sported one in Olympus.”

“What! haven’t you heard of it yet?” said Mars; “it’s the first number of the ‘Parnassian Penny Instructor,’ under the guidance of my enlightened sister Pallas and a Committee of Nine Antiquated Sub-Editors.”

“News?” inquired Jupiter carelessly.

“Why—ah—um,” replied Mars, “yes, plenty of advertisements; can’t say I see much instruction though. ‘Corn-cutting performed on the most reasonable terms, and with the utmost celerity, by Ceres.’ ‘Hymen begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Olympus and its vicinity, that he has on hand for inspection an extensive assortment of all kinds of matches: he cannot, at the same time, refrain, in common honesty, from advertising the public, that, unless great care is taken in handling them, the purchaser stands in imminent danger of burning his fingers.’ ‘Hercules respectfully acquaints the extensive circle of his friends and patrons, that having retired from the excitement of active life, he intends to dispose of his celebrated club at a most unparalleled sacrifice: Applications for particulars to be made to his friend Bacchus, between the hours of seven and eight in the forenoon, that being the only time at which that Deity’s office is open for business. (Signed,) Mercury, Auctioneer.’ ‘We copy’

—(what the deuce! what have we here?)—‘we copy from that scandalous and most disgracefully-overcharged print, the Athenian Shilling Gazette, the following astounding paragraph: we can only express our most earnest hope that it is, like most of the contents of that disreputable and unintellectual publication, totally destitute of any foundation in Truth; the paragraph to which we allude runs thus: “We learn from authority which (fervently as we may wish it) we can scarcely prevail upon ourselves to question, that a most atrocious burglary has lately been committed upon a spot no less sacred than the Coal-cellar of His Most Olympian Majesty, and that all attempts to trace the offender have been hitherto totally unattended by success. We cannot but confess that we have entertained a shrewd suspicion on the subject; but, till we are in possession of more certain intelligence, we must refrain from expressing any opinion upon a case of so much importance as that on which we are now writing.”’”

“Eh! what!” stammered Jupiter, whose astonishment had been so great as almost to deprive him of utterance: “Hillo! Mercury, run as fast as your legs can carry you to the Coal-cellar, and bring me back a faithful report of the state of it:” and he threw himself down with a face of the most sublime resignation, to await the return of his messenger. “Well, how is it?” said he, as Mercury approached with both his arms raised in token of astonishment, and bearing altogether a remarkable resemblance to the letter Y in the Pictorial Alphabet.

“It’s as empty,” gasped the horror-stricken ambassador, “it’s as empty as——”

“Your head,” suggested Mars, while Mercury was vainly racking that member for an appropriate comparison.

“I know him,” said, or rather shrieked, Jupiter; and

he poured forth a torrent of indignation upon the object of his suspicions. Owing, however, to the fearful state of agitation into which he had been thrown by an act of such unparalleled audacity, the greater portion of his wrath was perfectly unintelligible to his bewildered auditors. The last two words,—“his eyes,”—uttered in a tone of deep and deadly fury, were clear enough; but neither of them unfortunately was able to collect the context.

“Mercury!” at length resumed Jupiter, with the unnaturally calm tone of one who is about to do a desperate deed; “Mercury! fetch a couple of old coats.”

Mercury returned in an instant with two garments worthy of the best days of the late lamented Bampfylde Moore Carew.

“Now for Thrace!” said Jupiter, after he had carefully insinuated himself into the more antique of the pair. “It’ll be confoundedly cold, to be sure, but it’s the likeliest place I can think of to hear any news of a fire.”

“‘I’m with you,’ as the shell said to the snail,” replied Mercury; and they were off immediately. Mars remained for an instant watching their descent, and then sauntered off to see whether Vulcan was, or rather was *not*, at home.

* * * * *

Toiling up the steep sides of Mount Hæmus appeared two ragged and weary travellers. A few moments more, and a horseman, riding as if on matters of life and death, overtook them.

“Hillo! my friend!” cried the elder of the twain, “what’s the best news with you? I’m told you’ve got hold of some wonderful new invention in these parts.”

“Too true! too true!” sighed the horseman, with an exceedingly dolorous expression of countenance; “I’m just now doing my utmost to put a stop to it.”

"What a fool you must be!" thought Jupiter. "Indeed!" rejoined he aloud, in the most seducing tone he could assume; "would you just be so kind as to give us some slight information about it?"

"Alas!" replied the Stranger, "I have but half an hour ago received intelligence that some fiends in the shape of men have this day resolved to encrust the tail of an unhappy pig with a pound and a half of soap, and then in a body pursue the suffering animal till one of them gains the detestable distinction of arresting his terrified progress, by clinging tightly to that much-abused member. I have the honour of being the chief Agent of the Anti-Brute-Barbarity Society, and have yet nineteen miles to do within the hour in order to be in time (excuse the pleasantry, he! he! he!) to save my bacon! Farewell, Gentlemen! Did you ever hear of a more hellish invention?" And the chief Agent galloped on.

"'Done brown!' as the Turkey said after three hours' roasting," exclaimed Mercury, when he had recovered from a convulsion of laughter.

"Silence!" thundered Jupiter, who was in no humour for joking. And Mercury was as mute as a milestone for the next three hours.

* * * * *

"Have you seen them?" eagerly inquired a portly Bœotian of our two 'Compagnons de Voyage,' as they entered his dull-witted metropolis.

"Perhaps you can answer that question best yourself," replied Mercury, "as you seem to know most about them. Pray what are they?"

"What! not even heard of them?" ejaculated the astonished burgher; "run down that street there to the right as hard as you can go, or else you'll be too late. Jove bless us! how warm we shall all be!" And he

passed on to find somebody else to whom he might 'unburden his full soul.'

"Warm!" said Jupiter, repeating the Theban's last words; "then we're on the right scent at last. Come along with you, Mercury! What the devil are you standing there to gape at?"

"I must have taught that boy myself," muttered Mercury, as he prepared to follow his superior; "I never saw a voyage of discovery into a breeches pocket more cleverly performed in the whole course of my predatory experience."

Great indeed was the hubbub which astounded our two Deities on their entrance into Gull-street, the quarter to which the fat citizen had directed them. Nothing was to be seen but a dense mass of bodies, all pressing eagerly to one point; nothing, or at least comparatively nothing, to be heard but the growls and curses of manifold testy old gentlemen, whose gouty toes were undergoing the process of reduction to a complete state of mummyism, beneath the pitiless hobnails of all the 'Cannaille' of Thebes.

"Well!" thought Mercury, "if this new invention is to make those poor Devils in the middle any warmer than they appear to be at present, why they'd a precious deal better go down at once to Uncle Pluto, that's all."

"Hold your tongues, you fools! can't you?" roared a Stentorian blacksmith, uplifting his hammer 'in terror' over his nearest neighbours; "don't you see he's a-going to begin again?" But the multitude he addressed were on this occasion, as on most others, content to believe *without* seeing; so they one and all shut their mouths and opened their ears to the utmost of their stretching capabilities.

"Whiz, whiz, whiz!" went a hundred bullets out of a

Steam Pocket-Pistol, as a signal that the Town-Crier was about to commence his so eagerly-expected oration.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" began that Functionary, "Actuated by an ardent and inextinguishable anxiety for the general welfare of mankind, and more particularly for that of their adored Bœotia, my employers have commissioned the unworthy individual before you to represent, that, after an unwearied and laborious search, they have succeeded in rendering themselves able to confer an inestimable benefit upon their beloved but too frequently shivering countrymen. They feel the most intense gratification in informing you, that, with the assistance of the hot-springs peculiar to their native soil, and the alliance which they have lately had the happiness to form with the originators of the justly celebrated 'Patent-Impervious-Anti-Rheumatic-Body Linen,' they will shortly be enabled (by the simple process of inclosing within a double fold of the last-mentioned a sufficient quantity of the aforesaid) to present to their idolized brother Bœotians a species of garment which will for ever render their persons inaccessible to the attacks of atmospherical frigidity. They beg leave to add that they have established themselves into a Company, under the title of the 'Patent-Portable-Circumambient-Warm-water-Shirt-Company,' and that they have deemed it no more than their duty to the community to offer to their acceptance the whole five thousand shares of which they intend their scheme to consist, without the reservation of a single one for themselves or their friends. They have instructed me to conclude by informing you, that after the receipt of the first deposit it is their design to absent themselves for a short period from Bœotia, in order, as much as possible, to render their invention available to foreign countries. Shares to be obtained, and deposits made, at the Company's of-

fice, No. 49, Noodle-street, on or before the 1st of April ensuing."

"Bah!" murmured Jupiter to himself, as, in majestic silence, he elbowed his way out of the crowd, who were hastily starting in a race to No. 49.

There was a slight twinkling observable in the corner of Mercury's right eye, but he said nothing.

* * * * *

It was rather late, in a bitterly cold evening between the end of Winter and the beginning of Spring, that is to say, at the time when you hardly know which of the two to call it, that our Travellers made their entry into the time-honoured and dirty borough of Acharnæ.

"Upon my life," said Jupiter to his Satellite, "I could almost find in my heart to forgive the rascal that stole my coals, if I could but light upon him just now with a sackfull of them upon his back."

"Going to buy any?" shouted a sturdy pot-walloper of the Town, as he rushed by them with a large bag in his right hand.

"Any what?" said Mercury, half afraid of a third discomfiture.

"Can't stop to talk for a month!" shouted the Acharnian, by this time nearly a hundred yards ahead; "come on and see, if you wants to diskiver."

"Why, what's happen'd to your eyesight, man alive?" roared a brawny fish-fag in Jupiter's ear, accompanying her interrogation with a hearty slap on the back, as she saw him lost in amazement before a signboard, on which were distinctly visible the five ominous letters, C, O, A, L, S.

"Nothing, thank you, nothing!" replied Jove, with the politest tone he could assume, smarting as he was under the infliction. "Come along, Mercury; here he is at last:" and he dived down the narrow and rickety

flight of steps which led to the Coal-cellar, with a boldness worthy of the Acharnian who had set him the example.

To his unspeakable astonishment the Coal-merchant was as black as his hat!! "Is there a walking-stick anywhere about?" said Mercury in a whisper; "if there is it's he in spite of his smut."

"Yes, here's one in the corner," answered Jupiter: "hold your tongue, we'll have him directly. Just try and set two of those blackguards in the street fighting, will you?"

Mercury dexterously contrived to get behind a couple of the most likely-looking fellows he could pick out, and to pinch one in the rear and kick the shins of the other, so as to lead each of them to suppose that his neighbour was the perpetrator of the insult. An immediate row was the consequence. The Coal-cellar was deserted in a twinkling by all but Jupiter and Mercury, (who had returned after his exploit,) and the Gentleman in natural mourning was seized before he could get from behind his counter to join the throng of Spectators.

"Come along, you Scoundrel, come along!" said Mercury, tearing the black mask from the countenance of his fellow thief, and displaying the unwilling features of Prometheus. "'How I suffer for you!'" as the innocent man that was going to be hanged said to the real thief, where he stood grinning under the gallows."

* * * * *

At the seventh milestone from the top of Caucasus may yet be discovered a fragment of an iron chain, a leg-bone of more than ordinary dimensions, and the right talon of an eagle in a state of petrification. They are averred to be all that remains to tell of the fate of the unfortunate Prometheus. However indeed this fact may be questioned by many, there is yet one other connected

with the occurrence, which must be acknowledged by all to be perfectly incontrovertible, viz. that Jupiter, while engaged in carrying away the thief, did yet at the same time most unaccountably forget to carry away the coals also.

K.

BION. Idyll. IV.

*Ταὶ Μοῖσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν ἀγριὸν οὐ φοβέονται,
Ἐκ θυμῷ δὲ φιλεῦντι, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς αὐτῷ ἔπονται. κ. τ. λ.*

OF Love, the cruel, the ruthless boy,
The Muses feel no fear,
But with souls of fondness and feet of joy,
They follow his light steps near.

And if ever a churl of unloving heart
Invadeth their hallow'd track,
They veil the page of their gentle art,
And flee from his presence back.

But the love-stricken bard, who with wild notes sweet
Outpoureth his soul in song,
Oh! ever with eager joy they greet,
And around him all lovingly throng.

Yes, believe it! to other of Gods or men
In vain would I tune my lute,
For my voice refuseth its office then,
And my stammering tongue is mute.

But whene'er to my Lysis I change the theme,
And to Venus' heart-conquering boy,—
Then forth from my lips, as though touch'd with flame,
Outfloweth the song in joy.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

.... Oh! yet be warn'd!—Not here the cloudless sky
That gilds thy shores, Romantic Italy!
Oh! yet be warn'd!—

Away! can words controul

The deep designs of that unbending soul?
Fond dreamer, hence! When Heav'n hath lost its sway,
Shall man, weak man, pretend to point the way?
No!—There was truth in that tremendous thought
Which in old time Colonos' minstrel taught*:
That coming woe can blunt the keenest mind,
And Heav'n first maddens ere it smites Mankind!

On! speed ye on, proud Eagles! to the plains
Where, rob'd in snows, eternal Winter reigns:
On! on! his sword must sweep yon northern shore,
And Russia yield one Royal Captive more!

And they are gone! With pennons streaming gay,
And lances glitt'ring in the beam of day,
Hope in each eye, and gladness in each heart,
Exulting Gaul hath seen her sons depart.
And now her halls are silent! hush'd and mute
The low soft murmur of the lover's lute.
The song hath ceas'd. Alas! no more again
The dear one's voice shall praise that Siren strain,
And the gay Masque, the Revel, and the Ball,
Illume no more the chill, deserted hall.

"But they will come," fond Hope delusive said,
"With Vict'ry thron'd upon each helmed head†!
"Yes, they will come, and to these arms be giv'n,
"To clasp them safe.—Oh! speed their conquest, Heav'n!"
And they *did* conquer,—if, when none oppose,
To sweep, like locusts, o'er a land of foes,

* Soph. Antig., l. 620.

† "Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets!"—*Richard III.*

To mark, where 'mid the Cotter's humble wall,
 The Burgher's mansion, and the Noble's hall,
 Stern patriot hands the blazing torch had thrown,—
 If this be Conquest,—it was all their own!

* * * *

And now 'tis o'er!—Within those princely halls
 Insatiate plunder strips the gorgeous walls,
 And wanton Havoc tramples on, unknown,
 The glowing canvas and the breathing stone!
 Vain, Woman's cry! vain, Age's trembling pray'r!
 The Despot's minions know not how to spare.
 Meek Pity weeps o'er Mosqua's crimson'd flood,
 And shudd'ring Mercy flies the scene of blood!

'Tis dead of night, and—Hark! what sudden shout
 Through the deep stillness rings so wildly out?
 Again!—Hah! see yon bursting flames aspire—
 To arms! to arms! the city is on fire!

Then came there fear and trembling! Fast and far
 Half-arm'd and breathless, rush'd the pale hussar.
 But here the sword avail'd not: aw'd, amaz'd,
 The warrior's eye on that dread ruin gaz'd;
 And o'er his tow'ring form such ghastly hue,
 Such lurid light, the crimson radiance threw,
 That ev'n his comrade, as he saw, aghast
 Shrank trembling back, and shudder'd as he pass'd,
 And almost deem'd that, rais'd by demon spell,
 Some evil spirit watch'd the work of hell!

Thus may we fancy, stood, in days of yore,
 Gomorrha's sons by Almotana's* shore,
 When fierce from Heav'n the living lightning came,
 And Death triumphant fann'd the sulph'rous flame,
 Till, where but now a trembling nation stood,
 Flash'd one bright bolt,—and all was Solitude!

And *He*, (when loud as if Death's angel spoke,
 That startling cry his fitful slumbers broke,)

* The Oriental name for the Dead Sea.

How felt he then? Far through the gloom of night,
 Above, around, flash'd forth unearthly light.
 Pale fearful thousands watch'd the flames increase,
 And one—oh! mockery!—one could write of PEACE*!

Day rose and waned o'er ruins—and then came
 Another night, another, and the same!

At once from various parts burst forth on high
 The raging flames, and crimson'd all the sky.
 Then, Moscow, was thine hour! thick stifling smoke
 Through thy hot streets in murky volumes broke;
 Crash'd falling roofs, and higher still, and higher
 Shot from thy tow'rs vast pyramids of fire!
 While, ever and anon, a shrill wild cry
 Told, but too well, intensest agony!
 Perchance some hapless wretch, whose greedy eye
 Saw but the spoil, nor mark'd destruction nigh;
 Perchance some peasant, houseless doom'd to roam,
 Ling'ring too long around his blazing home;
 Or some pale mother, almost frantic grown
 For her babe's life, regardless of her own,
 Whose tott'ring limbs, by woe and toil opprest,
 Sank pow'rless all;—that shriek hath told the rest!

Oh! 'twas no childish weakness in that hour,
 When veteran breasts confess'd a softer pow'r;
 And if their tears bedew'd that scene of woe,
 Those tears were gems, for virtue bade them flow!

'Twas Morn: but, lost amid the glare of light,
 Morn stole unnotic'd on the steps of Night!
 And there was *one* who stood where on the town,
 All scorch'd and bare, Salvation's† hill looks down.
 And long he gaz'd; but 'twas not his to wear
 The vacant glance of grief, the brow of care;

* Napoleon, during the first night of the conflagration, wrote with his own hand to the Emperor Alexander a letter containing proposals for Peace.

† The hill whence the French first beheld Moscow.

Unmov'd and calm, as in the courtly hall,
He mark'd the Kremlin's rent and blacken'd wall,
And, crush'd alike by one tremendous fate,
The peasant's hut, the palace, desolate !
And still would ever-busy thought recall
Himself, the curst, the hateful cause of all !
But yet he reck'd not : o'er his meteor-course
Repentance came not—Conscience had no force ;
He bow'd no suppliant at Religion's shrine,
He knew but one control—dark Superstition, thine !

And here that pow'r was felt ! One moment quail'd
The eagle-glance, the lion-spirit fail'd ;
Rose all at once before his earnest eye
The dim sad form of future Destiny ;
Seem'd ev'ry flame approaching Fate to show,
And each black Ruin prophesied of woe * !

Too soon it came !—Oh ! veil'd in deepest night,
Hide, blushing Glory, hide that shameful flight !
What though, thick strown around him as he fled,
Choked his bleak path the dying and the dead ?
What though dim eyes reproachful glances cast,
And falt'ring voices curst him as he pass'd ?
Not yet enough Misfortune's cup was drain'd,
A deeper vengeance, Moscow, yet remain'd.
Who knows not how upon that head accurst
The dark full storm of Retribution burst ?
Who knows not how, with gen'rous zeal, from far
Indignant Britain pour'd the tide of War ?
How his red Star behind St. Helen's shore
Shot headlong down, and set to rise no more !
And Peace restored, and Freedom born anew,
Sprang from thy plain, triumphant Waterloo !

K.

* Napoleon is said, while he watched the progress of the flames from the Hill of Salvation, to have frequently repeated to himself, "This bodes great misfortune."

THE SKULL.

A TALE OF A FEW YEARS SINCE.

It seems still but as yesterday (so vividly are the feelings I then experienced even now present to my mind), though it is in reality several years since I made my first appearance in that miniature model of the world at large, a Public School. I happened to be the first who arrived; and it was with a gaze of anxious curiosity that I scrutinized the countenances of my future schoolfellows, as they dropped in, one by one, unwilling exiles from the mirth and merriment of a Christmas family circle. Many were the kind ones I then marked, whom I have now the honour and the happiness to number among my friends; many the tyrants, whom I can scarcely, even at this interval, remember without an involuntary sense of terror; many the cold ones, against whom in the walks of life I not unfrequently jostle, and return them back a stare as stiff and as proud as that with which they condescend to recognise my insignificance. Some too there were the pride of whose opening manhood has since been quelled by the icy hand of death; happy, perchance, that they have not been reserved to drain the dregs of that goblet whose first draught is so exquisitely fascinating.

To relate in these pages the details of my passage through the various gradations of which a public school life is made up, would be, to most of those who peruse them, wearisome and superfluous; suffice it to say, that it was shortly after my admission, and while I was yet one of those unhappy little urchins denominated "Fags," that the incidents occurred, which a few leisure hours have induced me to throw into the following tale.

It is perhaps necessary to inform my readers (if any such there be) who are not intimately acquainted with the history and localities of the Charterhouse, that during the progress of the plague, that most awful visitation with which it has ever seemed good to the inscrutable purposes of Providence to afflict our fatherland, vast numbers of its victims were promiscuously interred in an immense pit, extending over a great portion of that space of ground known to Carthusians of the present day by the rural appellation of "the Green." It was then, as I have before stated, in the early part of my time, that circumstances connected with the drainage of the place rendered it necessary that a considerable extent of this storehouse of mortality should once more be laid open to the day.

It may well be supposed that there was not one, either labourer or schoolboy, who did not keep an anxious watch for any relic of the olden time which might be turned up by the mattock ; but of these there were but few, and of little worth ; nor were there so many bones discovered as we had been led to expect, but their scarcity served only to increase their value. It might have formed a subject for curious contemplation to an uninterested spectator, if any such there had been, to observe the eagerness with which the slightest relic of a human form was contested by the surrounding crowd of juveniles : the exultation of any one who was lucky enough to appropriate a skull, and the disappointment of the unfortunate, whose tempting offer of five leg-bones, and three arm ditto, with perhaps a shoulder-blade to boot, was unable to induce the happy owner to effect an exchange. For myself, inferior as I was both in size and strength to the majority of those around me, there did not exist a hope of obtaining so rich a prize ;

my delight may consequently be imagined, when at the risk of coming into school a full ten minutes later than all the rest, and with the expenditure of almost the only shilling which remained out of my last "tip," I succeeded in acquiring from one of the workmen (oh, how kind I thought him!) that utmost aim and object of my desires, a large and perfect skull.

Damp and dirty as it was, to hide it under my jacket, to rush, rather than run, up the break-neck stairs which led to my bed-room, to deposit it in the inmost recesses of my box, took then almost less time to perform than it has now taken to write. To return, as soon as school-hours were over, was of course my first thought; and I was fortunate enough to do so without being observed. Over and over again did I rub the cherished treasure, till, fully satisfied that there was not a flaw to be discovered, I placed it upon a table before me, and gazed upon it earnestly and long, in all the luxury of undisturbed possession.

It is impossible to look, alone, for any length of time upon anything which reminds us so strongly of death, without feeling a seriousness, amounting almost to melancholy, insensibly steal over the mind; and thus it was with me. The careless jests at which but an hour before I had laughed with the loudest, were either entirely forgotten, or if remembered, seemed all at once to have lost their mirth-inspiring influence. I sat entranced before my prize, till by degrees I fell into a reverie, in which I conjured up before my mind's eye the days in which he who formerly owned it must have existed, the rank he might have held, the passion which might have flashed from the once brilliant eye, the genius which might have flowed from the lips long since silent in the grave, the deep thought which might have had its

dwelling beneath that broad and lofty brow. What would I not have given at that moment to know who and what had been its possessor? Was it fancy, or did I indeed hear a voice reply to my unuttered thoughts? It must have been so! Gradually those brown cheek-bones became clothed with the warm hues of life, and those empty sockets were once more tenanted! It could be no deception! There was even the perfect figure before me, habited in the picturesque dress of his time, and his hand motioning me to silence and attention, with a gesture that plainly told it was wont to be obeyed.

How it was that I neither started nor uttered any exclamation of astonishment, I am to this moment utterly unable to explain; I can only presume that the intensity of my surprise was such that it left me without the power either of speech or motion. Not a syllable, however, did I lose of the disclosure which followed, so intent was I upon every word which fell from the lips of that beautiful, that fearfully beautiful vision; for although it had never fallen to my lot to behold a more noble countenance, yet never did I see one on which unrestrained passion had left more strongly marked evidences of its influence than on that of him who stood before me. Thus ran his narration.

“You have sought to know my history. Little did I deem that lip of mine would ever relate its horrors to mortal ear; still less that it should be at a time when the grave had closed for ages over the remains of those whose fate was so closely interwoven with my own; at a time when the story I am about to disclose will, I doubt not, be deemed too horrible and too improbable to have ever occurred.

“My name,—but it matters not now what name I bore, enough that you learn that it was among the no-

blest of the land ; that the form which the greedy earth-worm hath long since deserted was faultless as that of the triumphant day-god of the Greek ; that the heart which it inclosed was now clear as yon azure sky, now black as the storm-cloud that sweeps across its surface ; the slave of every impulse and every passion by which man works his own pleasure and his own destruction.

“ I was the younger of two brothers, but at the death of my father was left independent of my elder, excepting that I still preserved towards him that affection, mingled with deference, which I had been from our earliest childhood accustomed to entertain. But to this harmony there was but too soon to succeed a discord that lasted, with but a slight interval on one side, until——. But why do I anticipate ? you wished for my whole story, and you shall be gratified, however painful the narration may prove.

“ Among the most intimate and valued friends whom we possessed were an old gentleman, the companion of my father’s youthful days, and his only daughter, a being whom to behold but once was to adore for ever. Need I say that she became an object almost of idolatry to a heart glowing with feelings as yet unchilled by the cold and deadening experiences of the world ? I had every reason to believe that my affection was returned with an ardour equal to its own ; but, fool that I was, I might have known that the bliss, the ecstasy of that belief was too great to be permanent. I might have foreseen that it could not long endure ; but the wildest phantasy could never for an instant have suspected the cause which was to sever us at once for ever !

“ But I must not dwell upon this part of my tale. Owing to a dangerous illness by which my brother was attacked, some family affairs demanded my presence for

a considerable space of time on the Continent. It was just as I was making preparations for my return that a letter from England was put into my hands. I know not why it was, but at the moment I felt such an unaccountable presentiment of evil, that scarcely did I dare to break the seal. The first words which met my eye were sufficient to produce a delirious fever, which lasted for many days. I had, indeed, expected to find ill tidings, but I was totally unprepared for the stunning intelligence which greeted my sight. She whom I had left with the tear in her eye, and the vow of eternal constancy on her lip, was wedded, and the bridegroom was—my brother! The first thing I remember after the delirium had passed, and I was in some degree more calm, was eagerly demanding to see the fatal letter. After long solicitation, and a solemn promise to restrain myself from any such fearful outbursts of passion as had been excited by its first perusal, it was put into my hands. It was from a near and dear friend. He spoke of reports which had been spread abroad to my disadvantage during my absence, and more than hinted his belief that they had derived their origin from that brother whose friendship I had fondly believed to be as immutable as the love of her whom he had beguiled. How I could have kept my promise of outward calmness I know not; but in the bitterness of my soul I swore internally that the first opportunity which offered itself should be marked with a deep and a terrible revenge, though the same moment which afforded me the highest gratification I could henceforward feel should prove the last of my now miserable existence.

 The accomplishment of the vow came a sudden awful check. Before I could reach the shores, the hand of death had anticipated my ven-

geance, and she whom I left in the full bloom of youth and beauty had gone down to the grave in misery and in madness!

“The revulsion of feeling which I experienced was as complete as it was instantaneous. Pity took the place of anger—forgiveness of revenge. With all possible speed I hastened to the metropolis, to afford the only consolation which lay in my power to bestow, the pardon of a deceived, a too deeply injured brother.

“But the city I entered was as a city of the dead! The plague, that most fearful scourge that ever yet visited the depravities of mankind, was raging at its height. Scarcely a form glided along the deserted streets, save here and there that of one whose accompanying cart, with its dismal bell and its ill-concealed burden, but too plainly declared the horrible nature of his occupation: not a voice disturbed the death-like stillness, save the doleful tones which summoned the few who were yet spared to bring forth their dead, and now and then the wild cry of some maniac, who, released from all control by the death of those around him, had rushed forth into the public streets, to revel but for one short hour in the full enjoyment of freedom, and in the next to die!

“I held my way unharmed, though the atmosphere was fraught with death, till I reached my brother’s mansion. It was open, and apparently deserted: no doubt the inmates had saved themselves, by an early retreat, from the horrors which ensued. With hasty steps I traversed the echoing rooms till I entered that in which, in happier days, it had been the custom of the family to assemble. Could I believe my eyes? Before a table (on which a flask of wine and goblet nearly drained gave evident proof that he had resorted to this method of drowning grief, and perhaps remorse,) sat my brother

But oh! how changed was he from the brother I had left! The once bright eye was sunken and hollow; the once manly cheek bore the ashy hue of the grave; the dark locks, which had been wont to curl in such profusion over his broad forehead, were become few and grey, as those of the old man whom, but an hour before, I had seen flung like a log into his disgusting burial-place!

“He started as I entered, and turned hastily and silently away: he dared not look upon the brother whom he had so deeply wronged. I retain at this moment no accurate recollection of what I then said or did. I have a vague remembrance of having, in my wandering, so far forgotten the purport of my visit as to implore his forgiveness; (gracious heaven! *his* forgiveness!) but I have the memory of what followed stamped upon my mind as vividly as if it had happened only an hour ago: I was spurned like a dog from the home of my fathers!

“It was not till I gained the street that I awoke to a full consciousness of what had befallen me. I gazed hurriedly around, and the very walls which surrounded me seemed to my excited imagination to be starting into life as if to mock the dastard who had tamely submitted to such an unparalleled degradation. One glance more, to be certain that no mortal eye was observing me, and I reentered the house: another minute and I came forth with the curse of Cain upon my brow, and the worm that dieth not at my heart!

“Fearful was the rapidity with which I strode along the streets; whither I neither knew nor cared. But I was calm to all appearance; there was not the slightest trace of agitation on my countenance that could betray my horrible secret: and the wretch whose office it was to convey to their long home the ghastly remains of mortality, as he paused for an instant from his task to gaze

with wonder and admiration on the proud step and the haughty form which shot by him, how little could he dream of the hell that was raging within !

“ But my hour was come ; suddenly my brain seemed to whirl round, and with a faint shriek I fell motionless upon the pavement. Would that all sense had at the same moment deserted me ! but no,—I was reserved for a fate more horrible than the most implacable vengeance could have invoked upon its deadliest enemy. It was not, as I had at first supposed, the plague which had attacked me, but a total prostration of nature before the superhuman excitement of the last few hours ; and although the powers of sight, touch, and hearing remained unimpaired, those of speech and motion were entirely destroyed. The agonies of my useless attempts to arrest the solitary passenger who now and then rushed fearfully by me, as if to pause but for an instant were certain destruction, may better be conceived than described. Suddenly I heard a distant sound of a bell gradually approaching the spot where I lay, and then for the first time my inevitable fate flashed across my mind. But a few short minutes, and the roll of wheels echoing through the deserted streets realized the maddening anticipation. It was the dead-cart ! I felt the hot breath of those whose office it was to collect the dead glowing upon my face, as they raised me from the ground, and after deliberately rifling my person, flung me, with an oath of disappointment at their ill success, into their ghastly receptacle, among.—But I will spare you the recital of that ride.

“ At last we stopped ; there was a slight bustle, a harsh voice exclaimed ‘ Now ! ’ and in an instant I was precipitated headlong into the very centre of yonder awful pit ! O God ! that I could have been even as the festering corpse which lay beside me, with the foul worm

already at his banquet ! But the measure was not yet full.

“ Oh the long long hours that I lay, with my motionless eyes (for I had not even the power to close them,) fixed upon the clear blue Heavens above me, where the blessed sun seemed to shine more brightly than I had ever before observed him, as if in mockery of the wretch who was cursing his beams in the voiceless frenzy of his soul !

“ There were pale anxious faces too, ever and anon straining with intense earnestness of gaze into the mysteries of that dim abyss, hopelessly, fruitlessly searching for friends, whom, even if they could have seen them, the rapid progress of decomposition would scarcely have permitted them to recognise.

“ I saw *him* also, that degenerate offspring of a sainted Father, that Royal Reprobate, with his abandoned court, whom some mad impulse had led thither to look for a moment upon the streaming mass of mortality and corruption. There they stood ; methinks I see them now ; Sedley and Etheredge, and the atheist Rochester, and the licentious traitor Buckingham, in all their butterfly pomp and splendour ; and I heard the approving peal of laughter that followed the witticism, which even the solemnity of that hour and that spectacle was unable to repress. But mark me, for it is a deep and a fearful lesson ; I have seen them *since*, and the wail of torment and the howl of despair are but a sorry exchange for the jest, though idle, and the smile, hollow as it was, of those misguided and evil days.

“ But I felt that this could not endure much longer ; gradually were my exhausted senses losing the maddening consciousness of my situation ; but they were once more to be most fearfully awakened. Another cart was just

about to deposit its ghastly burden. They fell around me in various directions unheeded; but there was one corpse, the last of the load, and which seemed from its position likely to descend close to the spot where I lay, which I could not help regarding with an indefinite anticipation of horror exceeding even those which I had hitherto endured. One glimpse I caught of the countenance as it was shot out directly over me; but that one glimpse was sufficient—God of Heaven! it was my murdered brother! Heavily he fell, when—.”

“You lazy little beast!” roared a voice which I knew but too well; the pale visage and the picturesque dress had vanished into thin air, and I awoke to a fearful consciousness of my master, a huge lout of nineteen, with a formidable hockey-stick in his right hand about to descend upon my unfortunate shoulders, his bread untoasted, his coffee unprepared, and his anger ungovernable!

K.*

* We would not interrupt the interest of this story by hinting, what perhaps some dry antiquary has already seized upon, that the plague of which Charterhouse was the great charnel-house was that of 1349, not of 1666. Lest our historical knowledge should be called in question, and at the same time to gratify the antiquarianism of others, we have subjoined a copy of the inscription which, according to Stowe, appeared on a stone cross “sometime standing” in Charterhouse-yard.

“AN. DOM. M.CCC.XL.IX.

Regnante magna Pestilentia consecratum fuit hoc Cœmeterium, in quo et infra septa præsentis Monasterii sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam quinquaginta millia; præter alia multa abhinc usque ad præsens; quorum animabus propitiatur Deus.”

We beg however to add that there is a tradition that even in the latter plague the ground was partially used for the same purpose, and that if heretofore there has been any doubt on that head, the present paper satisfactorily dispels it.

THE RAINBOW.

IRIS,—æthereal wonder,—bent
Across the spacious firmament,
Like a bridge on high,
O'er the watery sky,
From time into eternity,—

Say, many-coloured, lovely thing,
Whence thy variegated ring?
Has a pitying God
Ordained thee a road
To departed lov'd ones' blest abode?

In thee their spirits haply find
A path to all they left behind;
And perchance the rain
May be tears of pain
At beholding this sorrowful world again.

Thy circling hues of old, when seen
From Ararat, were held to mean
That, danger o'er,
The flood no more
Its engulfing waters on earth should pour.

And thou, I ween, art sent to say
That our sorrows too shall pass away,
When the flood of tears,
From our earthly fears,
Shall be dried in Eternity's blissful years.

It cannot be sinful to read thee so,
As a radiant path to weal from woe;
Then let me gaze
On thy varied rays,
As the pledge of sorrowless, tearless days.

S.

AN OPIATE.

MORISON LOQUITUR.

“To sleep you ’re unable? cheer up, my good man,”
“Take one of *my* pills, and *awake*, if you can.”

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK AND MRS. GRAHAM.

WE are proud in being entrusted with the publication of the following epistle. It should perhaps have appeared in our earlier number, when the circumstances were more fresh in the minds of our readers; but as the balloon season is just now commencing, and Mrs. Graham is again on the ascendant, they may not be sorry to be thus reminded of an accident, from which the fair aeronaut seems (like the giant of old) to have arisen stronger from her contact with mother earth.

To the Editors of the Carthusian.

GENTLEMEN,—If you think any of your readers will be amused by seeing the Duke of Brunswick’s statement, which was put into Latin soon after its first appearance last August, the following, a nearly literal translation, and which fully enters into the Duke’s feelings, is at your service. If you print the Latin, it will be well to reprint the original in juxta-position with it.

I am, &c. L.

The Duke of Brunswick.—Icarus. *Mrs. Graham.*—Dædala.

Captain Currie.—Curius. *Mr. Amor.*—Amor.

Converse Farm.—Ager Conversus.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK TO CAPTAIN CURRIE.

“ Converse Farm, near Brentwood,
9 o'clock p.m. Aug. 22.

“ My dear Captain,—Uncertain whether you have or not followed our balloon with Mr. Graham, as you intended, I address these lines to your house, containing an exact account of what has happened.

“ After ascending a considerable height, it appeared to me as if the balloon suddenly became motionless, neither ascending nor descending; and on my inquiring the reason of Mrs. Graham, she replied, that when she ascended with a person who had never before been with a balloon, she did not like going too high, for fear the effect would be disagreeable to them. I answered her, that I felt no unpleasant effect whatsoever from the altitude we had attained, and that I wished to get out of sight of the earth altogether.

Mrs. Graham upon this threw out a considerable quantity of ballast, and we then ascended to so high a point as completely to lose sight of *terra firma*; for although I kept my telescope constantly to my eye, I could perceive no trace of it.

I then remarked to Mrs. Graham, that the position in which we then were was much more agreeable to me than when the earth was visible, the car having the appearance of floating on the clouds, similar to a vessel on the sea.

Mrs. Graham at that moment drew my attention to a most beautiful appearance in the clouds, which, by the refraction of the sun's rays, gave a perfect reflection of the balloon and the car, with ourselves; adding, that such a phenomenon was most extraordinary, and very seldom witnessed.

Much to my disappointment, we soon regained sight of the earth, when I again expressed a desire to ascend higher; but

ICARUS CURIO.

Icarus agricolæ lapsu datus hospes Amoris
 Conversum, ut dicunt nomine, arantis Agrum
 Pollicito aërios Curio servare volatus,
 Atque, globus quo nos perferat, usque sequi,
 Incertus, Laribus tamen haud diffisus amicis,
 Hæc veræ mitto signa legenda rei.

Nam satis evector visus mihi protenus omnis
 Tolle motus, iners stare repente globus.
 Causam scire libet, quærenti Dædala reddit
 Causam, et quæ curæ sit referenda suæ.
 Scilicet, ignotas siquis tiro audet in auras
 Scandere, et insuetum carpere discit iter,
 Ingrati ne forte aliquid nimis alta tenentem
 Sollicitet, modica providet ipsa fuga.

“ Me,” refero, “ ingrati nihil hoc movet aëre, terras
 “ Conspectumque omnem deseruisse velim.”
 Pulvere tum ejecto conscendimus altius, et jam,
 Firma oculis terra deficiente, beor.
 Namque, tubum ut servo intentus, rectoque meatus
 Lucis perlustro lumine, nulla manet.

“ Sic positus” dico, “ multo sic gratius itur,
 “ Terrarum et spreto sic datur orbe frui.
 “ Ætherios en per campos hic nare videtur
 “ Currus, ut æquoreis cymba nat acta vadis.”

“ Quin tu flecte oculos, ubi jam pulcherrima nubem
 “ Exornat species : utere sorte data.
 “ Talis rara quidem in cœlis apparet imago,
 “ Nec cuivis hominum conspicienda venit.”
 Conversis tum nos oculis, currumque, globumque,
 Nube ex adversa reddit ut umbra, noto,
 Vivaque refracti admirans spectacula solis
 Vix credam duplices non simul ire globos.
 Invito mox in conspectum redit improba terra,
 Scandere in ætherios mens avet ægra locos.

Mrs. Graham said she was afraid we had not sufficient ascending power to do so that day.

She then discharged some ballast from the safety-bag, but rather declined to accede to my request to discharge all its contents, which rendered its effect very slight, as we remained nearly in equilibrium.

Mrs. Graham, at my request, then explained to me the management of the valve of the balloon. Shortly afterwards I asked her if my rising on my seat to take off my great coat would disturb the balance of the car ; but upon her assuring me it would not, I did so, feeling it very warm.

“ From that moment, in my opinion, we commenced our descent, although Mrs. Graham thought the contrary ; but she was convinced of her error by paper being thrown out. At this period Mrs. Graham asked me if I did not feel considerable pain in my ears ; and upon my assuring her of the contrary, she said I was possessed of very strong nerves. I however soon experienced it to a very severe degree.

“ The balloon at this moment commenced twirling round like a top, in its continued descent, when Mrs. Graham asked me if it was disagreeable, saying it was occasioned by our having entered a different current of air. I replied that I did not much admire it, but that I felt no giddiness from it.

Mrs. Graham then threw out the grapple on one side, and the safety-bag on the other, the rope of which latter was so short that it kept dangling about half a yard below the car ; a circumstance which appeared much to dissatisfy her. She then asked whether it would make me giddy to look down from the car and observe what the grappling iron was doing. I immediately did so, and replied it had no effect upon me.

She next inquired if I remembered her informing me the balloon would be converted into a parachute, and requested me to observe it was then in that state.

I then saw her mount upon her seat and lay hold of the ropes which fastened the car to the bal-

“ Ut fieri quod aves hac possit luce verendum est,
“ Nam neque par votis vis levitatis adest.”

Hæc effata, salutarem tamen, haud mora, saccum
Ejecto partim pulvere cauta levat.

“ Parcius hoc facis, omnem adeo saccum ejice,” clamo.

Dædala declinat, certa negare, caput.

Ergo nil agitur, stabili globus aëre pendet,
Libratumque æquo pondere servat iter.

Edocet interea optantem me Dædala valvas

Claudere quid præstet, quidque aperire globi.

Sed, largus toto ut manat de corpore sudor,

Grande malum chlamydis deposuisse volo

Sollicitus si stare queam, neque pondera turbem :

Illam metus pellit : sto, chlamydemque levo.

“ Hinc, cæptum est,” aio, “ descendere.” Dædala censet
Esse aliter : factum chartula missa probat.

“ Aëre percussas violari an percipis aures

“ Nervosque intendi ?” quod rogat illa, nego.

“ O te nervorum felicem et roboris,” inquit :

Nec longum atque aures perdolere mihi.

Tum globus ad gyros ceu turbo volubilis actus

Indicat in flatus se cecidisse novos.

Ingratum sane, sed et est quod acerbius esset,

Nec mihi tentatur mobilitate caput.

Anchora tum jacitur dextra, de parte sinistra

Injusto saccus pondera fune trahens.

Nec placet hoc comiti : “ Qui pendeat anchora, serva

“ Icare, sique potes, despice,” tristis ait.

Despicio, et nulla tollens vertigine voltus

Quæ vidi refero ex ordine, quidque queam.

Tum me discipulum appellat, revocansque magistra

Quæ prius edocuit, nunc meminisse jubet :

Labentes convexa etenim dum protegit umbra,

Præcipitem lapsum temperat ipse globus.

Funibus interea, currus queis pendet in alto,

Stans sella palmas applicat illa duas ;

loon. She desired me to do the same, observing we were coming down rather faster than she wished. I followed her advice, although deliberately, observing that we were at so great a distance from the earth that I could not yet distinguish one object from another; but I had scarcely put myself in the position required, when I felt the car strike with the utmost violence on the ground, and overturn, the balloon itself touching the earth, and dragging us about thirty yards, until it rose again.

By the violence of the shock I was thrown head foremost out of the car at the height of about eighteen feet, but I contrived to fall upon my hands, and escaped uninjured.

Having gained my feet, I had the great grief of seeing Mrs. Graham fall from the car from a much higher distance than I had fell; and from the apparently lifeless manner in which she lay I was at first fearful she was killed. I immediately proceeded to her, and found she had fallen on her head, and was quite insensible. Mr. Amor, the farmer on whose grounds we had fallen, with a number of his people, soon came to my assistance, when the unfortunate lady was conveyed to the residence of that gentleman, Converse Farm, in the parish of Doddinghurst, near the town of Brentwood, Essex, where she still remains.

I instantly desired medical assistance might be sent for, and she was soon attended upon by Mr. Barlow, a surgeon of the neighbourhood, whose opinion at this moment is, that there is a serious concussion of the brain, and injury within the abdomen, but, notwithstanding her great danger, he does not despair of her life. Since about five o'clock, when the fall took place, until now I have been staying beside her, and it is only within half an hour that she appears commencing the recovery of her senses. I wish you would inform Mr. Graham, from me, how distressed I am at what has happened; and should he not have heard of the accident, I must beg of you to prepare him by degrees for this sorrowful event.

"The balloon, with my great coat, hat, telescope, &c., is gone I know not where. I saw it rise to a great height after Mrs. Graham had fallen from the car."

Et terram queritur citius properare. Prehensos
 Sto funes tractans ipse ducemque sequens,
 Terram equidem, neque enim rerum discrimina certis
 Ulla oculis parent, jam procul esse ratus.
 Sed, vixdum stanti, en subito ruit impete currus,
 Et multo eversus verberare pulsat humum.
 Ac terram tetigitque globus, tactamque reliquit
 Nos secum abreptos, quo velit aura, ferens.

Ipse pedes mox ter senos evectus in altum
 Impatiens tantæ vis rapidique mali
 Præcipitor violens curru excutiorque; cadentem
 Protentæ illæsum sustinuerunt manus.
 Stans comitem quæro: in cælos jam evectior, ecce,
 Labitur impingens Dædala prona caput.
 "Dædala, tu moreris," clamo, sensuque carentem
 Excipio accurrens; subvenit hospes Amor
 Cum famulis præsens, atque in sua tecta receptam
 Curat et assidua sedulitate fovet.

Accerso medicum, hunc unum vicinia laudat,
 Qui, rite explorans, qualia passa jacet,
 Concussi et cæcos cerebri laterisque labores,
 Vitæ ejus, sperans vivere posse, timet.

Ipse laboranti assideo jam quatuor horas,
 Ac tandem miseræ mens, modo visa, reddit.

Hac me infelici dic ægre ferre marito,
 Sive opus est pandens singula cautus adi.

Illam chlamys mea nescio quo, tubus ille, galerus,
 Omnia, cum rapto rapta abiere globo.

THE LADIES' PETITION.

The Humble Petition and Remonstrance of the Maids,
Wives, and Widows of the United Kingdom of Great Britain
and Ireland, to the Bachelors, Husbands, and Widowers of
the same, sorrowfully sheweth how

To you Lords of Creation, in great tribulation
And awful depression of spirits,
We write, after weeping and scarce one wink sleeping,
Till our eyes are as red as a ferret's.

The points that most grieve us are these—that you leave us
To run to your hunts and your clubs;
And your thoughts never roam to your spouses at home,
But dwell with your foals and your cubs.

Then at Bachelor dinners, you ungallant sinners,
You sit like a parcel of logs;
And you talk about nought, as you swallow your port,
But your nasty great horses and dogs!

Then those vile politicians, with broils and seditions
Come teasing,—its monstrous provoking!
How we wish *that* John Russell, who makes all this bustle,
In the Red Sea's abysses were choking!

Ev'ry man turns Freemason,—enough 'tis to craze one
To think of such hateful societies,
Where nothing we *know* (though you swear 't isn't so)
But eating, and drinking, and riot is!

(By the way those same Masons are quite past all patience,
One might as well question a stone!
But unless they declare what it is that they swear,
We'll set up a Lodge of our own.

And we'll have a grand Mistress to rule o'er the Sisters,
And a terrible law shall be pass'd,
Not a word to discover, to even a lover,—
And we *will* keep a secret *at last*!

Not a man shall presume to approach our room,—
We'll be call'd the Inaccessibles ;
And unless *you* forbear *our* aprons to wear,
We'll sport *your* inexpressibles !)

But it causes most woe, that you not only go
To pleasures by women unshareable,
Where the sex petticoated a nuisance is voted,
But that when you come back you're unbearable !

While at home we poor creatures mope, spoiling our features,
Yet move not the slightest compassion ;
And e'en novels now cease for a moment to please,
And vain is the latest new fashion !

Oh ! come back to your houses, your desolate spouses,
And be coaxed and be coddled in-doors ;
And bring back to our faces their long-banish'd graces,
Or our nails shall play havoc with yours !

N.

SONG OF THE WIND.

Forth into the energy of the wind !
Forth to the downs ! to baffle with the blast,
The vital breezes, free and unconfined,
On their wild, restless mission rushing past.
I feel the freedom on this grassy turf
Of a strong swimmer in the ocean surf.

What is the soft breath of the sunny vales,
Stealing insensibly o'er grass and flower,
To this elastic freshness of the gales,
Swelling into its vehemence of power,
Stirring the slumb'ring spirit to rejoice
With the excitement of a trumpet voice ?

Where bursts the outspring of the swelling breeze,
 Visible in its track across the cloud,
 Audibly trampling on tall forest trees,
 Bringing to me a rapture in the proud
 Exulting thrill I feel within me now,
 With streaming hair, flushed cheek, and beating brow.

The veins are swollen, and the pulses leap
 With eager life, unchecked and uncontrolled;
 Throbbing as if they strove in vain to keep
 The voluble spirit inward, that would hold,
 Bird-like, companionship with the free wind,
 And hail the kindred element of the mind!

B.

 THE TRIUMVIRATE.

WE are sorry to be unable to present our readers with our proceedings during the last three months, owing to the state of riot by which our study has been surrounded. We are still more annoyed that several papers, and among them our notes on the articles we have received, have been most unaccountably purloined. The whole subject is at present under the examination of the Masters; and until their report is made, we think it better to refrain from offering any comments of our own. We hope by our next Number to lay the whole matter before the public.

H. M.

C. F. I.

G. B.

The following Report has just reached me in the country: I really have no time in the holidays to trouble my-

self with school brawls; I have therefore sent it off to the press as I received it.

G. B.

May 22nd.

“Considerable excitement has prevailed during the last three weeks in the vicinity of the Editors’ study, in consequence of the continued demonstrations of insubordination and violence which have taken place among the fagging classes of this district. Private committees of organization and public meetings have been held from time to time, and deputations from these bodies have more than once had audiences with different members of the Triumvirate.

“In consequence of the representations of various individuals of the danger which they apprehended to their persons and chattels from the disorderly conduct of the insurgent parties, an extra monitor has been appointed to watch the proceedings of the rioters; and there is a considerable expectation, that unless a speedy end is put to these differences, a royal commission will be issued to inquire into the causes of this disturbance, and to suggest such remedies as may by them be deemed expedient to abate the present excitement.

“For several weeks past the walls have been placarded in all directions; and on last Wednesday fortnight a more than ordinary bustle was observed towards the further end of the Cloisters, and about half-past two a formidable crowd, composed chiefly of the lower classes, was seen marching in procession past Middle Bryars. They were headed by two poker-bearers, whose ponderous insignia of office threatened danger, not only to the by-standing spectators, but to the very heads of the functionaries themselves. After these followed two shovels borne aloft

by gentlemen of the third form, having the Charterhouse arms curiously embossed in chalk. The remainder of the crowd was composed of different members of the unwashed, their jackets being turned inside out by way of uniform, and the whole group was interspersed with banners and placards, among which might be noticed the following inscriptions: 'No Self-election,' 'No Monopoly,' 'Tria juncta in uno' reversed on a black ground, 'No Fines,' 'Down with Window-Tax,' 'No Triumvirate,' &c. &c.

"After proceeding up the Cloisters the procession entered Gownboys' Hall; and while the banner-men grouped themselves at the upper end, the rest of the party seated themselves under the window, the leading members of the Committee occupying the Upper Table, which had been converted into a platform for the occasion. About this time there might have been eighty or ninety individuals assembled; but it was evident that many had come there merely from feelings of curiosity, and not for the purpose of forwarding the objects of the meeting.

"After some little delay, Mr. Strutt was called to the chair, amidst the acclamations of his party.

"The Chairman begged, in opening the day's proceedings, to remark, that the present was no Hole-and-corner meeting, (*Hear, hear!*) but had been summoned by public advertisement. It was open for any individual to address the meeting, whatever his opinions might be; but at the same time it was expected that any one differing from the majority should hold his tongue. (*Hear! and a laugh.*) He would not detain them longer, and should call upon Mr. Littlejohn to propose the first Resolution.

"Mr. Littlejohn would not detain the meeting by any lengthened introduction, but would come to the point at once. They were met there to decide the fate of Charter-

house. The eyes of all Glasshouse Yard were upon them. The question to-day was whether they were to be governed by a self-elected junta, or to be their own representatives (*Hear, hear!*): they knew to whom he alluded. He would call them the Three Kings of Charterhouse. They had assumed a power utterly at variance with the spirit of the Public School; most unconstitutional in its origin, and dangerous in its effects. By what right had three irresponsible persons dared to constitute themselves editors of a certain publication, too insignificant to be named? This was the old system of self-election, which he had ever opposed in the Library meetings, and would continue to resist until it was utterly eradicated from the face of the earth. He called upon his schoolfellows for their support. If his present resolution was thrown out, the Block would be illuminated, and bonfires would blaze in Brooke Hall. He begged to call their attention to the price charged for the miserable production to which he before alluded. He hesitated not to designate it as infamous. There was almost as much reading in a Blue book, which was distributed *gratis*. This subscription was wrung from the pockets of the suffering lower boys, to pamper the gormandizing and extravagance of the Editors' Study. It was well known that this self-elected Trio fattened on the fruits of their contributors' labours, and the new carpet of their Star-chamber sufficiently indicated the wealth in which they were rolling. He was surprised that the Sub-Editors acquiesced in this self-constituted tyranny and misappropriation of the Public money. They should rise as one boy and crush this exclusive system. He was sorry also to see them patronized by that great bibliopolist and monopolist Mr. Moore. It was clearly ascertained that funds had been supplied from that quarter. But until they

elected their own Editors they should never be relieved from paying this exorbitant tax: this he saw clearly. He should conclude by placing his Resolution in the hands of the Chairman:—‘That the principle of self-election is ever productive of tyranny, extravagance, and bad writing, and that the Triumvirate be respectfully requested to resign their present usurped situation.’

“Mr. Sapling had great pleasure in seconding the Resolution. He had watched the formation of the present Triumvirate with no slight feelings of alarm. Their very name sounded dangerous to the liberty of the subject. He need hardly remind them how the personal ambition of the Triumvirates of Rome shook the kingdom to its centre, and eventually merged into the despotism of an individual. Brentford was notorious for its misrule under its Three Kings. He need not recall to their recollection the three Furies, or the Poor Law Commissioners. (The honourable gentleman’s concluding remarks were drowned in the coughing that ensued.)

“Mr. Skulk begged to claim their attention. He was one of the many; he had never been a Monitor, and was determined to refuse the office if offered to him. He had no interests separate from the Under boys; he had suffered a Saturday’s imprisonment for agitating in behalf of the privileges of the fourth form; (*Hear, hear!*) he was the poor Fag’s Friend. (*Hear, hear!*) The Resolution he was resolved to propose struck at the heart of tyranny whether in the Playground or the School-room. Was it to be borne, that when the Slaves had been emancipated in the West Indies, and the Factory children had been relieved from their incessant labour, that they were still to be doomed to the servile condition of Faggery, and be kept six hours a-day in school? (*No, no!*) He would advise no violent measures, he was a friend of peace and

order; but he would earnestly recommend the next boy who was ordered to toast a bit of bread to throw it in his Master's face; and he exhorted all lovers of their school and their freedom to refuse to enter their prison-house the next time the bell rang, until they had come to an agreement with the Masters to work at a reduced number of hours. (*Cries of 'We will, we will!'*) He was sorry that he should not be well enough to assist on the occasion, but he begged them not to desert the good cause they had taken in hand. (*Hear, hear!*) He was now to submit the following proposition for their approval:

“ ‘Resolved, That it is derogatory to human nature, and destructive to our clothes and cleanliness, that one gentleman's son should be subjected to the orders of another gentleman's son; and while we thus express our detestation of Tyranny without, we are equally determined not to submit to it within, and to express our decided opinion, that unless the school-hours are forthwith shortened, the most awful consequences must ensue.’

“Mr. Smallcut in a few words seconded the Resolution.

“Mr. Eavesdroppe would call their attention to the detestable oligarchical conspiracy which was going on at their own doors,—aye, under the very roof where they were now assembled. Circumstances had come under his notice which he would bring before the present meeting. It might not be generally known that a club were in the habit of meeting after eight o'clock, concocting divers plans for the rejection of articles from Correspondents, and the publication of their own crudities. Let no one suppose that he (Mr. Eavesdroppe) was one of the rejected; he was above any participation in such a system of fraud and injustice. He scorned to let his name appear in ‘The Carthusian.’ (*Hear, hear!*)

Some documents had fallen into his hands which would expose the charlatanry of the Council of Three. He held in his hand a letter, which he had no doubt was meant to form a part of No. II. He should say nothing of the manner by which he had obtained it; it was perfectly honourable. (*Hear! and a laugh.*) If the meeting desired it he would read it to them. (*Cries of 'Read, read!'*) He would read it; it was marked 'private and confidential.'

'February 9th, 1837.

'GENTLEMEN,—Feeling greatly interested in the success, and wishing to find out the general opinion, of our new *fiib*, I sent it upon its travels immediately after perusal. It has been returned with nothing but praises, except only in two instances, in which one friend said that it was "shamefully short," and the other that it was "too bad to publish it so seldom."

'I have the honour to be,

'Gentlemen,

'Your most obedient humble Servant,

'EIGHT YEARS A CARTHUSIAN.'

He asked, could there be more barefaced puffery than that? He had no doubt that it was written by one of themselves. Indeed he had been assured by a particular friend, and had afterwards ascertained it to be true, that it was the production of one of the Triumvirate. (*Name, name!*) He should not name the gentleman; but his authority was unquestionable. (*Oh, ah!*) He had also obtained possession of a paper which was of the utmost importance, deeply affecting the interests of all present. It would lay bare to the light of day the proceedings of this illegal and secret society. He considered he was perfectly justified in using the documents

which had come into his hands. (*Cries of 'Read, read!'*) It was headed

'NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS,'

and there could be no doubt that it referred to the proceedings of this unconstitutional association. It was as follows:

"We have only time and room to thank our Correspondents generally for the increase of contributions sent in since No. I. We have been so overwhelmed with Translations, that we have been obliged to set aside for the present many of considerable merit. We shall be most sparing in their admission, though we promise to admit as many as shall be sent equal to the "Bion" of the present Number.

"Ierne, an old Chapmanite, P., Clio, G., and G. B., and some others will forgive our omission, while we shall not forget their kind expressions for our success. Private answers shall be sent to many. A Satire reached us too late for the present Number; we detect a hand-writing before seen, and which we shall be glad to see again. "Legend of Lamreagh," "Charlotte Bertie," we hope yet to print. We believe we may promise for No. III. Auditor's Tale; Theophrastus Redivivus, Nos. 2. and 3.; Sound and Sense; Lovelace; The Viaticum, &c. &c."

"Was there ever such arrogance and conceit? He (Mr. Eavesdroppe) would ask them if they would have their compositions thus treated? Such was the cool way in which rejected authors were put off and favoured ones flattered. He called upon this meeting to put an end to such a system of humbug. Let the Editors come forward manfully and face the present meeting, and give reasons for their extraordinary conduct. Let them state

why this article was omitted, why another, altogether its inferior, was suffered to appear. Such irresponsibility among the Upper Boys could not long continue, if meetings like the present would show that they would not suffer their rights to be trampled upon. An article of a most highly-gifted friend of his had been sent up into the Upper House, and had never been heard of more. That place was the Dormitory of all the talent of the school. That reminded him of the Hole-and-corner meeting there held, where the audience was packed by a certain Scotch whipper-in, whom he should not name.

[*Left speaking.*]





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